

MODERN POETRY  
1922-1934  
AN ANTHOLOGY



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TORONTO

# MODERN POETRY

1922—1934

AN ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED

BY

MAURICE WOLLMAN

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1934

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## PREFACE

THE aim of this Anthology is to be representative of the poetry of the last dozen years. No poem, however, has been admitted merely for the sake of representing its author : each poem has been judged solely on its merits.

A few names that one would expect to find in an anthology of modern poetry are missing. The omission of certain poets is due either to a self-imposed exclusion, as with Professor A. E. Housman and Mr. Robert Graves, or to the fact that they have published very little verse since 1922, as with Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Max Plowman, "Q.," and Sir William Watson. Similarly, the bulk of the work of certain other poets who are included was published before 1922, and consequently no conclusion about their comparative importance in poetry to-day is implied by the selection of only two or three poems by such writers as "A.E.," Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Gordon Bottomley, Mr. John Masefield, and Sir Henry Newbolt.

The principle of not including extracts from long poems has been observed with only four exceptions. If the late Robert Bridges had not left directions to the contrary, extracts would have been included also from *The Testament of Beauty*.

MAURICE WOLLMAN



## INTRODUCTION

IN 1798 appeared Wordsworth's and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads*, which is usually regarded as the starting-point of that new movement in poetry called the Romantic Movement. In 1922 appeared Mr. T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, which many poets and critics of to-day regard as the most significant landmark in post-War literature. In the *Lyrical Ballads* Wordsworth and Coleridge wrote of homely people in homely language, enlarging the range of poetry by extending their themes to simple people whose thoughts and emotions are common to everyone. In *The Waste Land* Mr. Eliot explored the world of his own subconscious mind, and exposed the temper of the modern world as decadent and sterile. By means of literary quotation and cross-allusion, in everyday prosaic rhythms, without any æsthetic artifices, with broken disconnected images, and with such frequent solecisms of thought, expression and syntax as make one doubt the poem's complete seriousness, Mr. Eliot satirised the world of to-day.

Some poets and critics hailed *The Waste Land* as a great poem ; others were more sceptical, and, while giving it credit for its passages of genuine poetry and its literary kinship, doubted Mr. Eliot's seriousness and the poem's importance.

“ The most stupendous literary hoax since Adam,  
Yet in some abysmal way creative,  
Even in its disintegration,  
Touched with the finger-nail of Donne

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And the knuckle-bones of Dante and Ezekiel,  
Yet nearly all awry,  
Deliberately and intuitively awry."

(*Cinder Thursday* : Mr. Herbert E. Palmer)

Mr. Eliot, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, has had many imitators, including himself. Some have faithfully copied his manner and mannerisms without touching his attitude of mind ; others have found his method a successful one for probing and revealing the subconscious. No longer need the poet have something to say that shall be intelligible to every reader. Therefore many poets now utter thoughts and emotions the key to which they alone hold ; seemingly insignificant experiences of adult life or childhood, seen now to be of supreme significance, are alluded to enigmatically as regards the general reader. (Miss Edith Sitwell speaks of " Emily-coloured hands," which is unintelligible to the reader unless he knows that Miss Sitwell had a nurse called Emily and unless he knows with what colour that nurse was associated in Miss Sitwell's mind.) The poet writes no longer for the reader, to communicate an emotion, to reveal the beauty and meaning of the world, to enlarge experience and to sharpen sensitiveness. Meaning is often subordinate to sound, and sound, too, that is often harsh, staccato and bizarre. The poet writes for himself, to record for himself or a narrow clique his thoughts, emotions and reactions, and often those not of his conscious, but of his subconscious mind. He seeks to fathom his own mind and to bring to the surface his underlying impulses, and then to record them by strange means of association—impressions of one sense are expressed in terms of another, colours suggest sounds, and flavour suggests texture (" The morning light creaks down again "), memories of childhood intertwine with memories of

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literature, and what has been experienced fades into what has been read.

Allied with this neglect of the reader goes a rigid avoidance of anything that savours of poetic language, of the conventional poetic vocabulary, or of poetic, "artificial" metre. Rather the most colloquial, the most commonplace, the most debased of everyday words, than the poetic *cliché* with the stock response it calls forth—rather the simplest and most commonplace and unobtrusive of metres, rather prose rhythm, than technical agility and artifice.

The attitude to life, too, of these poets has changed, chiefly as a result of the disillusionment and disorientation following the War. Heroics are not for them, rather a dark, bitter acceptance of fate—they accept disillusionment as part of the established order of things.

" Bravery is now  
Not in the dying breath  
But resisting the temptations  
To skyline operations."

Foremost of the defeatist poets in this Anthology is Mr. T. S. Eliot, with the bleak *Journey of the Magi* and *The Hollow Men*, the hollow men being those who have lived neither in life nor in death, whose existence has been a negation of life, and who are taken by the poet as a symbol of many of this generation. Then come other defeatist poets: Mr. W. H. Auden, another poet of the "nerves" rather than of the "brain" or "soul," who, in imagery much of which is recondite and more of which is personal, and in language which is sometimes deliberately nonsensical, reveals the temper of to-day as he sees and feels it; Mr. Ronald Bottrall, who faces the future without hope, but without fear; Mr. C. Day Lewis, who "wings a living from despair" and is obsessed by

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modern machinery ; and Mr. Stephen Spender, who finds himself out of harmony with the creatures of Nature and their instincts.

Other poets stand out by virtue of their individuality, or sensitiveness to beauty and melody, or innovatory power. Among these poets, traditionalists generally and also frequently experimentalists (as are all considerable poets from Homer, or from Chaucer, onwards) are these found in the Anthology : "A. E.," the Blakian mystic, who sees through the impermanence of this world the permanence of another, discerning "Infinity in a grain of sand, Eternity in an hour" ; Mr. Richard Aldington, who was first an "Imagist," partly under the influence of his wife, "H. D.," and who is somewhat influenced by the Eliot school, and obsessed by the effects of the War ; Mr. J. Redwood Anderson, a skilled technician in iambic verse (often Miltonic in ring), which he adapts to varying lengths, and which he makes ring with the voice of the elements ; Mr. Martin Armstrong, caustic to the materialists and those restricted of view ; Mr. Edmund Blunden, saturated with the spirit of the English countryside, of which he writes in both prose and verse, laboured and powerful, with every line sifted and weighed ; Robert Bridges, master of metrical technique, recounting some of the delights of his happy life ; Mr. Roy Campbell, matador with words, splashing tropical colours over English verse, bringing new vitality to imagery and new strength to the expression of emotion ; Mr. W. R. Childe, weaving a sonnet of rich fabric, heavy with mediæval embroidery and Anglo - Catholic thought ; Mr. Richard Church, half modernist and half "Georgian," with frequent affinities with John Donne ; Mr. Austin Clarke, Irish modernist technician, enriching verse with Gaelic imagery and legend and archaic assonance ; Mr. W. H. Davies, the Elizabethan songster

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for song's sake, who has affinities with Herrick ; Mr. Walter de la Mare, who, in his latest book, has added depth of philosophy to insight into that other world that lies just beyond, and who has not lost, like so many philosophers, his poetry in his philosophy ; Mr. John Gawsworth, the youngest poet in the Anthology, who is gradually achieving an individual note without breaking with tradition ; Mr. W. W. Gibson, sympathetic chronicler of the life and death, thoughts and feelings, of the poor and the inarticulate ; Thomas Hardy, wringing beauty out of the phenomena of everyday life ; Mr. F. R. Higgins, melodiously remembering an Ireland that is gone ; D. H. Lawrence, poet of the primitive Earth, and interpreter of the life of those creatures of Nature that poetry usually ignores, often ascribing to them his own views of life ; Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid, revivifying poetry with the new blood of Gaelic vernacular and imagery ; Charlotte Mew, sounding depths of pathos with economy and restraint ; Harold Monro, one of the pioneers of modern free-verse and prose rhythms and phrasing, but using a traditional texture ; Mr. Herbert E. Palmer, fiercely independent and emotional, who has something of the simplicity, power and prophecy of Blake and the Hebrew prophets and the old bards, a poet of invective and strong visualising powers, with his roots deep in tradition, and yet always susceptible to innovation, every poem hall-marked with individuality and yet so varied in theme, treatment and metre ; the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West, steeped in the lore of the English countryside, her art in the tradition of Goldsmith, Cowper, James Thomson (of *The Seasons*) and Wordsworth ; Mr. A. L. Salmon, topographer of the West Country and of the shadow-land of the soul ; Miss Edith Sitwell, English Symbolist, influenced by Mallarmé and others, who translates the impressions of one sense into those of another ;

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Mr. James Stephens, one of the naïvest and subtlest of poets, whose lyrics sing themselves ; Mr. Edward Thompson, firm in unfashionable religious faith, yet clear-sighted enough to question values, singer of India and the East as well as of the English countryside ; Mr. W. J. Turner, absorbed in pianoforte and orchestral music, some of whose effects he attempts to reproduce in his verse, whose imagery is concrete if often enigmatic ; Mr. Humbert Wolfe, a great melodist and technician, but with whom melody and technique are sometimes inclined to intrude on sense ; Mr. W. B. Yeats, supreme in music, technique, and subtlety of thought, whose symbols are always beautiful if sometimes recondite ; and Mr. Andrew Young, the dispassionate observer and delineator of the life of Nature.

But why define them all ? There are so many—most of them poets in the main tradition of English poetry, of whom it is needless to particularise. All have, by their work, added distinction to life and opened new realms of mental and spiritual experience.

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DEDICATION  
PREFACING AN ANTHOLOGY  
OF TRADITIONAL LYRIC POETRY

HERE I will build a citadel of love,  
Impregnable against the hours' assault ;  
So steadfast rooted in felicity  
Its very blemishes possess not fault ;  
So garrisoned, so bastioned and secure  
That placed in loneliness upon a height  
No threatenings may disturb its peace by day  
Nor stealthy strife encroach on it by night.

Life shall dictate its form and Life its mould,  
Its towers and its courts, its whole design ;       10  
That when 'tis builded, She, for whom I wrought,  
May cry, " 'Tis Love's own fortress—and divine."  
JOHN GAWSWORTHII

AN ANCIENT SONG

I THOUGHT of all the passions men have known :  
Despair which hardens to a moveless stone ;  
Rage running round and round until it falls,  
And fallen, deaf and blind, in narrow stalls  
Is fastened, self-consenting, unappeased ;  
Bereavement which, by deathless Memory teased,  
Pores o'er the same, forever-altered track,  
Turns, ever on the old lost way turns back ;       20

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Lost Love which flies aghast it knows not where  
And finds no foothold but the dreadful air ;  
Deep Misery which knows not its own cries ;  
And sightless Hope with ever straining eyes :  
Yet this, this, for ages long  
Will turn to story and sweet song.

EDWIN MUIR

NOTHING IS EASY !

NOTHING is easy ! Pity then  
The poet more than other men.

And, since his aim is ecstasy,  
And, since none work so hard as he,                 TO  
Forgive the poet poesy !

He hath the same dull eyes : his ears  
Are dull-attuned : his hopes and fears  
Are those same ravening dogs that bay  
The moon, and bury bones in clay !

Tho' he on offals, too, was bred,  
Tho' in his heart, and in his head  
The brute doth slaver, yet he can  
Banish the brute from off the man,  
The man from that beyond the man.

He gave a song, a wing, to words  
That they might fly and sing like birds  
In love, who cannot too much sing  
The heaven, the earth, the everything ;  
And love, the air that buoys along  
The wing, the singer, and the song.

Yea, wonder is that he hath done,  
For all that is beneath the sun

## SPEECH

By magic he transfigures to  
A better sound, a finer view :  
And—loveliest tale of all that's true !  
He tells that you come to the spring,  
And that the spring returns to you.

JAMES STEPHENS

## SPEECH

THE robin's whistled stave  
Is tart as half-ripened fruit ;  
Wood-sooth from bower of leaves  
The blackbird's flute ;  
Shrill-small the ardent wren's ;                   10  
And the thrush, and the long-tailed tit—  
Each hath its own apt tongue,  
Shrill, harsh, or sweet.

The meanings they may bear  
Is long past ours to guess—  
What sighs the wind, of the past,  
In the wilderness ?  
Man also in ancient words  
His thoughts may pack,  
But if he not sing them too,                   20  
Music they lack.

Oh, never on earth was bird,  
Though perched on Arabian tree,  
Nor instrument echoing heaven  
Made melody strange as he ;  
Since even his happiest speech  
Cries of his whither and whence,  
And in mere sound secretes  
His inmost sense.

WALTER DE LA MARE

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

ART AND LIFE

THERE is so much to catch  
As the days go by,  
The line of some queer old thatch  
Against wintry sky,

The huge red sun of November  
Threatening snow,  
Dark woods that seem to remember  
Ages ago,

Gold king-cups crowning the ditches,  
Windows aglcam, 10  
Old willows standing like witches  
Haunting a stream,

Far mountains lit with a glow  
That is tremulous  
With something we only know  
Is never for us,

All shapes of rocks and of trees  
That a rune has enchanted,  
All sounds that sigh upon seas  
Or lands that are haunted. 20

So much there is to catch,  
And the years so short,  
That there is scarce time to snatch  
Pen, palette, or aught,

And to seize some shape we can see,  
That others may keep  
Its moment of mystery,  
Then go to our sleep.

LORD DUNSANY

## FIRST INTERLUDE

### FIRST INTERLUDE

SPOKEN BEFORE "TOWIE CASTLE"

WHY should tales of long ago  
Be told again to us who know  
All that they tell, and cannot find  
Their first significance to the mind?  
Is it true, is it true then, after all,  
That the poet should not turn and call  
Back to the past with an incantation  
That can unite the fascination  
Of days long done with our imminent days  
And deeds, awaken old spirits and raise 10  
Men long dead and give them to sight—  
More seen, more known in the poet's light  
And the poet's rhythm imposed on life  
Than when they endured the human strife?

It is said that the poets' duty is clear—  
That the life which is now, the life which is here  
Awaits the poets' representation;  
That the poets' vision and creation  
Are needed to light its purposes,  
And in its torment and disease 20  
To discern the thwarted harmonies  
And their eternal rhythm, and again  
Find the divine order, the strain  
Of old celestial melodies  
That shall heal living and its pain.

No, no; ah, no! They must not be  
Bound thus in this mortality.  
We are dwellers in eternity  
Here and now, they cannot stay  
In life's mansion of a day. 30

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That which will be, that which has been  
Is in them too : all they have seen  
It is their birthright here to tell,  
Renew, once more make memorable.  
By the light that they know well  
How to concentrate and cast  
Upon the still significant past,  
They can discern and then make clear  
Life's mysteries that still vex us here,  
In bygone passions the powers that last        10  
Deep in us and make existence dear.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

## MASEFIELD AT ST. MARTIN'S

JANUARY 5, 1934

WHEN Masefield read, his song took wing,  
And like an eager seagull sped  
Direct and true, heart-conquering.  
When Masefield read, his song took wing,  
Limpid and pure and comforting ;  
It struck to fire a heart struck dead.  
When Masefield read, his song took wing,  
And like an eager seagull sped.

JOHN CLAWSWORTH

## THE LITTLE CHAN

OVER their edge of earth                                20  
They wearily tread,  
Leaving the stone-grey dew,  
The hungry grass ;  
Most proud in their own defeat,  
These last men pass  
This labouring grass that bears them  
Little bread.

## BALLADE OF THE POETIC LIFE

Too full their spring tide flowed,  
And ebbing then  
Has left each hooker deep  
Within salt grass ;  
All ebbs, yet lives in their song ;  
Song shall not pass  
With these most desperate,  
Most noble men !

Then, comfort your own sorrow ;  
Time has heard 10  
One groping singer hold  
A burning face ;  
You mourn no living Troy,  
Then mourn no less  
The living glory of  
Each Gaelic word !

F. R. HIGGINS

## BALLADE OF THE POETIC LIFE

True fat men go about the streets,  
The politicians play their game,  
The prudent bishops sound retreats  
And think the martyrs much to blame ; 20  
Honour and love are halt and lame  
And Greed and Power are deified,  
The wild are harnessed by the tame ;  
For this the poets lived and died.

Shelley's a trademark used on sheets :  
Aloft the sky in words of flame  
We read " What porridge had John Keats ?  
Why, Brown's ! A hundred years the same ! "

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Arcadia's an umbrella frame,  
Milton's a toothpaste ; from the tide  
Sappho's been dredged to rouge my Dame--  
For this the poets lived and died.

And yet, to launch ideal fleets  
Lost regions in the stars to claim,  
To face all ruins and defeats,  
To sing a beaten world to shame,  
To hold each bright impossible aim  
Deep in the heart ; to starve in pride 10  
For fame, and never know their fame—  
For this the poets lived and died.

*Envoi*

Princess, inscribe beneath my name  
“ He never begged, he never sighed,  
He took his medicine as it came ”  
For this the poets lived---and died.

SIR JOHN SQUIRE

ANY LITTLE OLD SONG

Any little old song  
Will do for me,  
Tell it of joys gone long,  
Or joys to be, 20  
Or friendly faces best  
Loved to see.

Newest themes I want not  
On subtle strings,  
And for thrillings pant not  
That new song brings :  
I only need the homeliest  
Of heart-stirrings.

THOMAS HARDY



## I AM THE ONE

### THEME

THE golden eve is all astir,  
And tides of sunset flood on us  
—Incredible, miraculous—  
We look with adoration on  
Beauty coming, beauty gone,  
That waits not any looking on.

Thoughts will bubble up, and break,  
Spilling a sea, a limpid lake,  
Into the soul ; and, as they go  
—Lightning visitors ! we know 10  
A lattice opened, and the mind  
Poised for all that is behind  
The lattice, and the poising mind.

Could the memory but hold !  
—All the sunsets, flushed with gold,  
Are streaming in it !

All the store  
Of all that ever was before  
Is teeming in it !

All the wit 20  
Of holy living, holy writ,  
Waiting till we remember it,  
Is dreaming in it !

JAMES STEPHENS

## I AM THE ONE

I AM the one whom ringdoves see  
Through chinks in boughs  
When they do not rouse

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

In sudden dread,  
But stay on cooing, as if they said :  
" Oh ; it's only he."

I am the passer when up-care'd hares,  
 Stirred as they eat  
 The new-sprung wheat,  
 Their *munch* resume  
 As if they thought : " He is one for whom  
 Nobody cares."

Wet-eyed mourners glance at me  
As in train they pass  
Along the grass  
To a hollowed spot,  
And think : " No matter ; he quizzes not  
Our misery."

I hear above : " We stars must lend  
 No fierce regard  
 To his *gaze, so hard*  
 Bent on us thus, --  
 Must scathe him not. He is one with us      20  
 Beginning and end."

THOMAS HARDY

## MEMORY

WHEN summer heat has drowsed the day  
With blaze of noontide overhead,  
And hidden greenfinch can but say  
What but a moment since it said ;  
*When harvest fields stand thick with wheat,*  
And wasp and bee slave—dawn till dark --  
Nor home, till evening moonbeams beat,  
Silvering the nightjar's oaken bark :

## TROY

How strangely then the mind may build  
A magic world of wintry cold,  
Its meadows with frail frost flowers filled—  
Bright-ribbed with ice, a frozen wold ! . . .

When dusk shuts in the shortest day,  
And huge Orion spans the night ;  
Where antlered fireflames leap and play  
Chequering the walls with fitful light—  
Even sweeter in mind the summer's rose  
May bloom again ; her drifting swan 10  
Resume her beauty ; while rapture flows  
Of birds long since to silence gone :  
Beyond the Nowel, sharp and shrill,  
Of Waits from out the snowbound street,  
Drums to their fiddle beneath the hill  
June's mill wheel where the waters meet. . . .

O angel Memory that can  
Double the joys of faithless Man !

WALTER DE LA MARE

## TROY

I READ last night with many pauses  
—For the flesh is weak though the spirit be willing—  
A book I bought for a pound and a shilling, 21  
“The Trojan War's Economic Causes,”  
Till slumber at last through my eyelids crept,  
And I let the book fall from my hands and slept.  
Then, as the hours of the night grew deep,  
A dream came through the passes of sleep  
Of the silly stories of Homer's telling :  
The press of the ships, the gathering hum,  
Iphigencia dying dumb,

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The Greek tents white on the Trojan shore,  
Achilles' anger and Nestor's lore,  
The dabbled hair of the heroes lying  
Mid the peace of the dead and the groans of the dying,  
Hector dragged through the battle's lust,  
The locks of Priam down in the dust,  
Andromache's agony, Ilion's fall,  
And, over all,  
The lovely vision of naked Helen.

ROBIN FLOWER

## CRESSIDA

FIRE catches Agamemnon's crimson sail 10  
And hostile arms invade the burning fleet  
Where, in the last disorder of retreat,  
The shattered Grecian host without avail  
Is knotted desperately ; women bewail  
Already their near capture, to complete  
Whose terror one of them runs forth to meet  
Love's freedom, love's imprisonment, to hail  
With outflung arms and joyous eyes agleam  
Him from whose side she parted so long since -  
Nigh three days—who now o'er great captains dead, 20  
Achilles' self, Ajax, or Diomed,  
Victorious moves. . . .

So round the sleeping prince  
Flowed the delicious future of his dream.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

## CÆSAR REMEMBERS

CÆSAR, that proud man,  
Sat in his tent  
Weary with victory,  
With striving spent.

## CÆSAR REMEMBERS

Where the grey Chilterns  
Coiled and slept  
That hard-lipped Emperor  
Vigil kept.

In the thin starlight  
His glimmering hordes  
Fought with the hard earth,  
Spades for swords.

Out on the hill-slopes  
His helmèd host 10  
Piled stark ramparts  
Rimmed with frost.

But Cæsar cared not  
For dyke and wall,  
Faint and remote  
Came the bugles' call ;

Soft in the shadows  
He saw, and heard,  
A Roman garden,  
A Roman bird. 20

" Worlds to conquer,  
But Cæsar fails  
To add one song  
To the nightingale's ! "

Soft in the shadows  
The tired man heard  
A woman's laughter,  
A woman's word.

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Cæsar, shivering,  
Heard repeat  
Spades on the hillside,  
Sentries' feet.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

VIROCONIUM

VIROCON—Virocon—

Still the ancient name rings on  
And brings, in the untrampled wheat,  
The tumult of a thousand feet.

Where trumpets rang and men marched by,  
None passes but the dragon-fly. 10  
Athwart the grassy town, forlorn,  
The lone dor-beetle blows his horn.

The poppy standards droop and fall  
Above one rent and mournful wall :  
In every sunset-flame it burns,  
Yet towers unscathed when day returns.

And still the breaking seas of grain  
Flow havenless across the plain :  
The years wash on, their spinchiff leaps  
Where the old city, dreaming, sleeps. 20

Grief lingers here, like mists that lie  
Across the dawns of ripe July ;  
On capital and corridor  
The pathos of the conqueror.

The pillars stand, with alien grace,  
In churches of a younger race ;  
The chiselled column, black and rough,  
Becomes a roadside cattle-trough :

## THE ROMAN WALL

The skulls of men who, right or wrong,  
Still wore the splendour of the strong,  
Are shepherds' lanterns now, and shield  
Their candles in the lambing field.

But when, through evening's open door,  
Two lovers tread the broken floor,  
And the wild-apple petals fall  
Round passion's scarlet festival ;

When cuckoos call from the green gloom  
Where dark, shelving forests loom ;                    10  
When foxes bark beside the gate,  
And the grey badger seeks his mate—

There haunts within them secretly  
One that lives while empires die,  
A shrineless god whose songs abide  
Forever in the countryside.

MARY WEBB

## THE ROMAN WALL

THROUGH moss and lichen crawl  
These square-set stones still keep their serried ranks  
Guarding the ancient wall,  
That whitlow-grass with lively silver pranks.                    20

Time they could not keep back  
More than the wind that from the snow-streaked  
north  
Taking the air for track  
Flows lightly over to the south shires forth.

Each stone might be a cist  
Where memory sleeps in dust and nothing tells  
More than the silent mist  
That smokes along the heather-blackened fells.

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Twitching its ears as pink  
As blushing scallops loved by Romans once  
A lamb leaps to its drink  
And, as the quavering cry breaks on the stones,

Time like a leaf down-drops  
And pacing by the stars and thorn-trees' sough  
A Roman sentry stops  
And hears the water lapping on Crag Lough.  
ANDREW YOUNG

## OLD GALWAY

FAR in a garden's wreckage,  
Stark in the wind-cleared moon, 10  
Grandees on wave-green marble  
Of Connemara stone,  
Gleam down the courtly pavings,  
Where windfalls are strewn  
Tripping steps led by the stringmen  
Thumbing an old tune.

One fashions in moon-woven satins,  
High combs in her castled hair,  
Shawled in dissolving laces  
Foamed to green air, 20  
She in the deeps of whose wild eyes  
The lost Armadas stir --  
No wonder the ghosts are merry,  
Jostling by her ;

After whose lovely slim movements  
Spain lives in a Galway mile,  
Gallants on wave-level marble,  
She on a pale lover's smile ;



FROM " DREAMS "

Heart that she danced on a dagger  
Dream of green nights and be still—  
Dreams fade back to my ashes  
Cairning a grey hill.

F. R. HIGGINS

FROM " DREAMS "

REGIONS of beauty, wonder, peace  
By waking eyes unscanned, unknown,  
Waters and hills whose loveliness,  
Past mortal sense, are his alone.  
There flow'rs by the shallows of Lethe sown  
Distil their nectar, drowsy and sweet,                   10  
And drench the air with news of it,

Or lost, betrayed, forlorn, alas !  
Gaunt terror leads him by the hand  
Through demon-infested rank morass ;  
O'er wind-bleached wilderness of sand ;  
Where cataracts rave ; or bleak sea-strand  
Shouts at the night with spouted spume ;  
Or locks him to rot in soundless tomb.

Sec, now, this butterfly, its wing  
A dazzling play of patterned hues ;                   20  
Far from the radiance of Spring,  
From every faltering flower it choose  
'Twill dip to sip autumnal dews :  
So flit man's happiest moments by,  
Daydreams of selfless transiency.

Was it by cunning the curious fly  
That preys in a sunbeam schooled her wings  
To ride her in air all motionlessly,

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Poised on their myriad winnowings ?  
Where conned the blackbird the song he sings ?  
Was Job the instructor of the ant ?  
Go bees for nectar to Hume and Kant ?

Who bade the scallop devise her shell ?  
Who tutored the daisy at cool of eve  
To tent her pollen in floreted cell ?  
What dominie taught the dove to grieve ;  
The mole to delve ; the worm to weave ?  
Does not the rather their life-craft seem 10  
A tranced obedience to a dream ?

WALTER DE LA MARE

CHANCES OF REMEMBRANCE

I

"TURN not from me ;  
I am the last rainbow that *you may ever see*.  
Take the rich surprise  
Of the skies  
With all your eyes ;  
Dream from what labyrinths of bloom my wings  
arise.—  
See,  
Even a rainbow dies."

II

"You see me here, 20  
And you huddle past and shiver ;  
One glance, you disappear,  
Leaving me, a dull brown thicket, beside a gray-  
gorged river.  
I beg no grace of yours ;  
You have seen me, I go with you, in or out of doors ;

### HEALING (TO A CHILD)

My thin blood will not wash out,  
My purple brambles will mantle you about,  
My thorny clasplings pierce  
Into your verse."

EDMUND BLUNDEN

### HEALING (TO A CHILD)

'To my soul's need he did respond—  
And with his song I went away  
Over the meadows, far beyond  
The borders of our little day—  
The lonely warbler of the pond,  
And I was grateful unto him 10  
Who thus did some compassion take  
On one who, hope receding dim,  
Would sleep, and nevermore awake  
To Nature's ever-changing hymn.  
But oh ! he sang himself so still  
And left me wandering in the void,  
Until a watchful wayside rill  
Took up the music, overjoyed,  
The healing mission to fulfil.  
Nature is open, nought denies, 20  
But ever to the spirit yields !  
A pair of golden butterflies  
I followed over many fields,  
Till, wondering, I lost my eyes,  
But found them in another's face ;  
In cheeks that do make shy the dawn ;  
In eye that, all reproving, says  
The violet should ne'er have grown  
To merit but a lower praise.  
And down the vale she walked with me, 30  
And many birds came listening near ;

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

The world is full of melody  
For all who have but ears to hear,  
Of beauty, if the eyes but see.  
And so we sang as we went by—  
Make most of that which yet is near ;  
Do not for some dim distance cry ;  
For there is heaven, O brother ! here,  
If we for it but qualify.

HUW MENAI

## SONNET

WE have laid up simples against forgetfulness,  
For we the nesting missel thrush have seen        10  
Brooding above the weaving watercress ;  
We have gone by water-meadows fresh and green  
Studded with kingcups and with cuckoo-flowers,  
By hedges newly fledged with blackthorn foam,  
And rested, weary with the happy hours,  
At twilight by the kindled hearth of home.

This was our spring, our lucky Eastertide,  
By willowed brooks, and from a western shire  
We shared a Monday of the undaunted pride  
Of him who sang the old, the heart's desire ;        20  
England we were ; and yet of England own  
The budding bough, the song, the builded stone.  
JOHN DRINKWATER

## THE UNBURDENING

IN Cumnor woods bluebells are out  
And daffodils and celandine,  
Through glistening moss the fern sheaths sprout,  
And round the flushed stem of the pine  
Young fronds of ivy twine.

## TO SHEILA PLAYING HAYDN

I shall walk over there to-morrow  
Beneath a load of withered things,  
All my winter's fret and sorrow,  
And curses a dark day brings,  
Out there where the thrush sings.

And I shall dig a gaping hole  
Close where the bluebells wave,  
And the spade shall be my delving soul  
That digs a dark deep grave  
For thoughts nor kind nor brave. 10

Five months' sin I'll throw down there,  
Petty whims and foolish sighs,  
Tirednesses and frosty care,  
Aching feet and troubled eyes,  
And unmeant cruelties.

The birds will be nesting in Cumnor trees,—  
And the young green turf shall roof them all,  
Yes, in a minute, as a shadow flees,  
Winter's shambles shall rock and fall  
And Spring shall spread their pall. 20  
HUGH P'ANSON FAUSSET

## TO SHEILA PLAYING HAYDN

Oh, when thy fingers touch the notes, I think  
The deer go stepping to the brook to drink ;  
Beneath the level beech-leaves low I peer,  
And see again, branch-horned, the crested deer,  
The thin-legged doe, the fawn in that green light  
On tiptoe following them out of sight.

Most deft adored, thy nimble fingers make  
A thousand pictures in my mind awake ;

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

For no young thing of beast or bird or tree  
I've seen, but I have seemed to look on thee,  
And at thy sound I go remembering  
About the woods of every vanished spring.

SYLVIA LYND

## SPRING AND POETRY

Now Spring returns with leaf and blade,  
Some seek the garden, some the glade ;  
And all to Nature turn, but I  
To the fresh fields of Poetry.

Sweet are the first green leaves, and sweet  
The scents, and genial the first heat ;                    10  
And backed by pine or cypress glooms  
How rich the rhododendron blooms !

Yet rich or sweet as these appear,  
They were as wonderful last year ;  
And all as then move without pause  
Through the same course by the same laws.

The flowers I meet in song are new ;  
None shall forecast their shape or hue ;  
To none of your dull round belong  
The seasons that unfold in song,                    20

The trees that sung in verse I find  
Are each its own, an unknown, kind ;  
But best in all, tree, season, flower,  
Is, there's no limit to their power.

Earth's tulip in her splendours dressed  
Is yet a tulip at the best ;  
Or shall a grove heal human grief ?  
One leaf is like another leaf.

## SPRING AND POETRY

Mays eight and thirty have I known  
Thrill each my senses, till 'twas flown ;  
Yet doubt if one, that pranked the ground,  
Left my soul happier than it found.

The bluebell mist in the deep wood  
Has often made me think life good ;  
Blue still they crowd by many a tree,  
But I see no less misery.

In lilac blooms put not your trust ;  
Heavenly their smell is, but they rust ;        10  
Nor let laburnums gain great hold  
On your deep heart with their brief gold.

Ten million beech-trees have I seen  
Put forth ten thousand leaves of green ;  
But never yet, in grove or glade,  
Found I the leaf that would not fade.

The gardens of the Muse remain,  
Where I can come, and come again ;  
The Fancy's flowers are ever bright,  
Faint not at noon, close not at night.        20

What was once, is still beautiful ;  
This can I through all seasons cull ;  
And culled once, will continue dewed,  
Or if it droop can be renewed.

The woods of song endure and change ;  
Those I love best I still find strange,  
And therefore never quite despair  
The cure of life to light on there.

For when the snow lay thick around,  
And there was neither tint nor sound,        30  
And Fate's will was not as my will  
I thought last winter, and think still,

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

The hope that fails not, the one scent  
That leaves the spiritual sense content,  
The fruit that may redeem the fall,  
Shall be plucked here, or not at all.

ARCHIBALD Y. CAMPBELL

SPRING, MY SPRING

THIS year on spring's first day I came  
At ten o'clock to ride with you  
And while you saddled up I felt  
That strange sweet fire in the air again.

Dizzy I sat my quiet horse  
Who indolently stirred his hooves,                    10  
Striking upon the bricks of the yard,  
Sharp sounds in that too honeyed air.

Through my brain the season fell,  
Wreathing like milk dripped into water :  
I sat motionless and drugged,  
Remembering a dozen springs.

Spring, my Spring, oh ride with me,  
Thou unattainable, ghostly thing,  
And leaning from the saddle give me  
Your cool and ghostly, fleeting kiss.                    20

EDWARD SHANKS

PREMATURE SPRING

Out of her cave the venturous virgin crept,  
Thoughtlessly shedding flowers on every side :  
Old Winter saw the grace of her and leapt ;  
Touched by his ancient icy arms—she died.

SIR JOHN SQUIRE



## SEEING THE COMPANY OF SPRING

### EARLY SPRING AND THOMAS HARDY

ALWAYS these loitering, melancholy dusks  
Of early spring will now belong to you.  
They hold the essence of the spirit we loved  
As yours : the musing greyness of despair  
Shot with dim, brooding sweetnesss of hope ;  
The portent in the promise, the far view  
Looking beyond bud, leafage, to the end.  
In this pre-blossoming stillness of the spring  
Life stares, as in a mirror, at its own face ;  
Here is a time you loved, a chosen theme,      10  
Your soul's familiar place.  
To these hushed, faintly lighted evenings  
(If anywhere this side the moon)  
The native in you, from death's foreign sojourn,  
Must return.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

### SEEING THE COMPANY OF SPRING

SEEING the company of Spring I say :  
O, would that my words could command alway  
The fair ones campèd in my field to-day !

Would that I might, when meets she wintry doom,  
Call back full-bosomed chestnut to resume      20  
Her pale green frock broidered with pearly bloom :

Would that I might be summoner of the charms  
Of scented may, what time no more she warms  
Out-holding to the sun her long white arms,

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

And lilac heavy-headed, drunk with all  
Thought's fragrance, and laburnum slimly tall,  
With her pale amber locks poetical,

And rhododendron, with her sister sweet  
Luxurious azalea—where they meet,  
From gold to carmine is the flame complete,—

And winsome pansy, and narcissus proud  
Who is but to her own pure beauty vowed,  
And amazonian tulip, trimly loud —

Would that I might, glad with immortal skill, 10  
Set here for aye all who awhile now fill  
My garden, followers of time's sad will !

ELIZABETH DARYUSH

NOW THE FULL-THROATED  
DAFFODILS

Now the full-throated daffodils,  
Our trumpeters in gold,  
Call resurrection from the ground  
And bid the year be told.

To-day the almond-tree turns pink,  
The first flush of the spring ;  
Winds loll and gossip through the town  
Her secret whispering. 20

Now too the bird must try his voice  
Upon the morning air ;  
Down drowsy avenues he cries  
A novel great affair.

## PRAYER IN MAY

He tells of royalty to be ;  
How with her train of rose  
Summer to coronation comes  
Through waving wild hedgerows.

To-day crowds quicken in a street,  
The fish leaps in the flood :  
Look there, gasometer rises,  
And here bough swells to bud.

For our love's luck, our stowaway,  
Stretches in his cabin ;  
Our youngster joy barely conceived  
Shows up beneath the skin.

10

Our joy was but a gusty thing  
Without sinew or wit,  
An infant flyaway ; but now  
We make a man of it.

C. DAY LEWIS

## PRAYER IN MAY

LORD, heal me now with a vision of green things  
growing—  
With the many shades of trees on a woodland way,  
With delicate boughs that wave like waters flowing,  
With the springing grass and the mounting corn and  
the may.

20

For the fire of wrath and the drought of long with-  
holding,  
For death's black frost and life's recurrent sting—  
Assuagement comes for all from the soft, enfolding  
Dazzle and dew and green of an English spring.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

## MILK-WORT AND BOG-COTTON

Gwa'<sup>1</sup> een like milk-wort and bog-cotton<sup>2</sup> hair !  
 I love you, earth, in this mood best o' a'  
 When the shy spirit like a laich<sup>3</sup> wind moves  
 And frae the lift<sup>4</sup> nae shadow can fa'  
 Since there's nocht left to thraw a shadow there  
 Owre een like milk-wort and milk-white cotton hair.

Wad that nae leaf upon anither wheeled  
 A shadow either and nae root need dern<sup>5</sup>  
 In sacrifice to let sic beauty be !  
 But deep surroondin' darkness I discern 10  
 Is aye the price o' licht. Wad licht revealed  
 Naething but you, and nicht nocht else concealed.

HUGH MACDIARMID

<sup>1</sup> come away.

<sup>2</sup> cotton-grass.

<sup>3</sup> low

<sup>4</sup> firmament.

<sup>5</sup> hide.

## WEATHERS

### I

THIS is the weather the cuckoo likes,  
 And so do I ;  
 When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,  
 And nestlings fly :  
 And the little brown nightingale bills his best,  
 And they sit outside at " The Travellers' Rest,"  
 And maids come forth prig-muslin drest,  
 And citizens dream of the south and west, 20  
 And so do I.

## IN AUTUMN

### II

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,  
And so do I ;  
When beeches drip in browns and duns,  
And thresh, and ply ;  
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,  
And meadow rivulets overflow,  
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,  
And rooks in families homeward go,  
And so do I.

THOMAS HARDY

## IN AUTUMN

IN Autumn the last fruits turn mellow, 10  
And many *flowers flaunt yellow*,  
And brown and russet-yellow are the hill-places  
That the winds haunt.

And as dripping nights daunt the sun's lights  
The famished leaves flutter yellow  
Round the trees growing gaunt.

Autumn is a brown and yellow time  
Soon after life's prime,  
The time of a knell  
Of everything man loved too well,— 20  
When from some dim belfry of starshine  
The gold and brassy bells of Change  
Utter mournful ding-dongs  
To the changing sing-songs  
Crying, sighing where the grasses shone,  
" It is all all over,  
The leaping of life is over,  
The cherry and the clover are gone."

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Very strangely the music flows,  
And the woof across the warp dims and glows,—  
Brown and yellow with a glint of rose.

But the soul of man grieves ;  
And thick as whirled leaves  
While tired Time weaves  
This third of his mysteries  
The birds crowd in the aching trees  
And where late stood the corn-sheaves.

How the birds twitter and complain ! 10  
How they complain to the creeping grey rain !

And yet near the heart of the weeping there is mirth ;  
For many days laugh with the joy of the sun  
And the hued brightness of Earth  
That reck not Death's whiteness.

And bridal seem the stubble field-ways  
When crowned with a coronal of tinted weeds  
And blackberry beads  
Decay pipes sweetly on her Pan-reeds ;

Or dances full of amaze, 20  
Heavy garlanded with the red berries  
(Redder than the farm cherries)  
From the hedge that the bright sun bleeds  
And the Night slays  
With her blanket of haze.

Then, though man scarce heeds,  
Out of the west a finger beckons,  
Westward beckons—  
Some strange allure 30  
That throbs in the heart of all Change.

Very strange and pure are the days  
When the bright sun through a silver haze  
Steals slowly into a zenith of blue.

## THE GARDENER

And you and I, I and you  
Stand as if on the brink of Spring  
Listening,  
Wondering.

For strange lovers walk softly in the field-ways  
As the sky falters and the wind sways.

And the ageing man turns a flushed face to the green  
girl,  
Saying in a low tone that shudders to the wind's moan,  
"Look! how lovely there where the tossed leaves  
whirl.

Is it not good that something is lost? "

10

And yet it is only Death that cometh  
With his sickle of frost  
And his diadem of snow-pearl.

HERBERT E. PALMER

## THE GARDENER

Out there in the rain  
A scythe is swinging  
In a bright lane  
Through the tall grasses ;  
Tongued like the flow  
Of soft-voiced shallows,  
Where speedwells grow  
And bright marsh-mallows,  
It sings : but the slow  
Grim gardener passes,  
Through fringing grasses  
Atreimble with song  
(Oh, the surge of its singing !)  
Grimly along  
To the end of the row.

20

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

What does he care  
For music breaking  
From broken grasses  
At hay-making?  
How should he know?  
And so he passes,  
Grim and slow,  
Through the silken grasses,  
Grim and slow  
In the rain out there. 10

ORRILL MACKENZIE

LATE AUTUMN

THE boy called to his team  
And with blue-glancing share  
Turned up the rape and turnip  
With yellow charlock to spare.

The long lean thistles stood  
Like beggars ragged and blind,  
Half their white silken locks  
Blown away in the wind.

But I thought not once of winter  
Or summer that was past 20  
Till I saw that slant-legged robin  
With autumn on his chest.

ANDREW YOUNG

OCTOBER MOORS

(FOR PAULINE CLOUGH YOUNG)

THEY'RE leading brackens<sup>1</sup> down fra' moors,  
For cattle-beddin'

<sup>1</sup> bracken.



## WINTER'S BEAUTY

On track 'at goes by larch plantation  
To our Tom's steadin'.

Everywhere t'sun shines sae breetly,  
Yaller is trees,  
Varra drowsy 'mang dead ling-bobs  
Is bumble-bees.

And peace is walkin' hand-in-hand  
Wi' t'suther' wind,  
A peace sae rare, nobbut on moors  
Thoo'll hope to finnd.

10

An' way up-dale girt hills noo fold  
Their wings sae blue  
Like guardian angels do, when work is done  
And Neet is new.

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

## WINTER'S BEAUTY

Is it not fine to walk in spring,  
When leaves are born, and hear birds sing ?  
And when they lose their singing powers,  
In summer, watch the bees at flowers ?  
Is it not fine, when summer's past,  
To have the leaves, no longer fast,  
Biting my heel where'er I go,  
Or dancing lightly on my toe ?  
Now winter's here and rivers freeze ;  
As I walk out I see the trees,  
Wherein the pretty squirrels sleep,  
All standing in the snow so deep :  
And every twig, however small,  
Is blossomed white and beautiful.

20

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Then welcome, winter, with thy power  
To make this tree a big white flower ;  
To make this tree a lovely sight,  
With fifty brown arms draped in white,  
While thousands of small fingers show  
In soft white gloves of purest snow.

W. H. DAVIES

## WHEN COLD DECEMBER

BELLS of grey crystal  
Break on each bough,—  
The swan's breath will mist all  
The cold airs now.  
Like tall pagodas  
Two people go  
Trail their long codas  
Of talk through the snow.  
Lonely are these  
And lonely am I. . . .  
The clouds, grey Chinese geese,  
Sleek through the sky.

10

EDITH SITWELL.

## WINTER TREES

Is the tree's life in bearing leaves  
And flowers and fruit in turn ? and may  
The voice that in dry branches grieves  
Be only the wind's going its way ?

20

Those black boughs drawn on the white sky  
In stiff and intricate design—  
Does that substantial character  
Declare no real life within ?

## THE DAYS AND NIGHTS

If so, we men, what life have we  
When at the last we stand alone,  
Love, children, combat, poetry,  
And all our proud conceptions gone ?

Still the unmoving winter trees  
Hold up the pure curves of their boughs,  
Forms clothing calm immortal life  
No change of time or state can rouse.

EDWARD SHANKS

## TO-DAY

ALONE To-day stands in the sun,  
Why dream they who that race must run ? 10

Between two precipices steep  
To-day arises from the deep.

Athwart the deep abyss of night  
It stretches like a ribbon bright.

Between the dawn and dusk it lies,  
Apex of two eternities.

To-morrow dim and Yesterday  
Are lost within that twilight grey.

Only a slender path of light  
Between the double jaws of night.

20

While the full glory of the sun  
Proclaims To-day the only one.

EVEREST LEWIN

## THE DAYS AND NIGHTS

THE *Days* and *Nights* are black and marble Djinn  
Who pass continually in single file,

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Enormous giants treading dawn's rocky glen,  
Noiselessly, like a Mute's wandering smile.

Wide-eyed their countenances, calmly full  
Of myriad hills, and flowery meadow-lights,  
Dark nimbus clouds, crimson and mackerel,  
Barred with soft gold the *Days*, with silver, *Nights*.

Bloom of the morn and evening snow, their brows ;  
Dark flapping thought the eagle that forsakes  
Unconsciousness—the sky through which it ploughs.  
Their hairs are hurricanes, their smiles are lakes. 10

Procession strange, storm-calm perpetual,  
White fleece and purple grape of equinox ;  
Eternal love divided thus to dwell  
Billows of shining snow amid black rocks.  
W. J. TURNER

AUBADE

JANE, Jane,  
Tall as a crane,  
The morning light creaks down again ;

Comb your cockscomb-ragged hair,  
Jane, Jane, come down the stair.

Each dull blunt wooden stalactite  
Of rain creaks, hardened by the light, 20

Sounding like an overtone  
From some lonely world unknown.

But the creaking empty light  
Will never harden into sight,

## I HEAR THE CRIES OF EVENING

Will never penetrate your brain  
With overtones like the blunt rain.

The light would show (if it could harden)  
Eternities of kitchen garden,

Cockscomb flowers that none will pluck,  
And wooden flowers that 'gin to cluck.

In the kitchen you must light  
Flames as staring, red and white,

As carrots or as turnips, shining  
Where the cold dawn light lies whining. 10

Cockscomb hair on the cold wind  
Hangs limp, turns the milk's weak mind. . . .

Jane, Jane,  
Tall as a crane,  
The morning light creaks down again !  
EDITH SITWELL

## I HEAR THE CRIES OF EVENING

I HEAR the cries of evening, while the paw  
Of dark creeps up the turf ;  
Sheep's bleating, swaying gulls' cry, the rooks' "Caw,"  
The hammering surf.

I am inconstant, yet this constancy 20  
Of natural rest twangs at my heart ;  
Town-bred, I feel the roots of each earth-cry  
Tear me apart.

These are the creakings of the dusty day  
When the dog Night bites sharp,  
These fingers grip my soul and tear away  
And pluck me like a harp.

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

I feel this huge sphere turn, the great wheel sing  
While beasts move to their ease :  
Sheep's love, gulls' peace—I feel my chattering  
Uncared by these.

STEPHEN SPENDER

### FROM THIS FAIR NIGHT

FROM this fair night to draw meet music down  
A long-benighted wind makes harps of trees,  
And, not to lose the sight while men's eyes drowse,  
The moon gives light and stares upon the scene.

Dew upon dew condenses ; from the city  
Chimes of far-away bells the hours attune,                    10  
The silver landscape, no man walks wherein,  
Unto itself is sweet, a secret beauty.

Oh, that content, content might softly so  
Steal over me and cheat this longing for fame,  
That I might love the trees about my home,  
Or well enough sing to throw my songs away.

FRANK KENDON

### THE LAND

(From "The Land")

THE country habit has me by the heart,  
For he's bewitched forever who has seen,  
Not with his eyes but with his vision, Spring  
Flow down the woods and stipple leaves with sun,    20  
As each man knows the life that fits him best,  
The shape it makes in his soul, the tune, the tone,  
And after ranging on a tentative flight  
Stoops like the merlin to the constant lure.  
The country habit has me by the heart.  
I never hear the sheep-bells in the fold,

## THE LAND

Nor see the ungainly heron rise and flap  
Over the marsh, nor hear the asprous corn  
Clash, as the reapers set the sheaves in shocks  
(That like a tented army dream away  
The night beneath the moon in silvered fields),  
Nor watch the stubborn team of horse and man  
Graven upon the skyline, nor regain  
The sign-posts on the roads towards my home  
Bearing familiar names—without a strong  
Leaping of recognition ; only here 10  
Lies peace after uneasy truancy ;  
Here meet and marry many harmonies,  
—All harmonies being ultimately one,—  
Small mirroring majestic ; for as earth  
Rolls on her journey, so her little fields  
Ripen or sleep, and the necessities  
Of seasons match the planetary law.  
So truly stride between the earth and heaven  
Sowers of grain : so truly in the spring  
Earth's orbit swings both blood and sap to rhythm, 20  
And infinite and humble are at one ;  
So the brown hedger, through the evening lanes  
Homeward returning, sees above the ricks,  
Sickle in hand, the sickle in the sky.

Shepherds and stars are quiet with the hills.  
There is a bond between the men who go  
From youth about the business of the earth,  
And the earth they serve, their cradle and their grave ;  
Stars with the seasons alter ; only he  
Who wakeful follows the pricked revolving sky, 30  
Turns concordant with the earth while others sleep ;  
To him the dawn is punctual ; to him  
The quarters of the year no empty name.  
A loutish life, but in the midst of dark  
Cut to a gash of beauty, as when the hawk  
Bears upwards in its talons the striking snake,

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

High, and yet higher, till those two hang close,  
Sculptural on the blue, together twined,  
Exalted, deathly, silent, and alone.

VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST

### THE HAPPY VAGRANT

THOUGH ragged all my garments are  
I still may gossip with a star,  
And that impartial dame, the moon,  
Will have her jewels about me strewn.  
And when her kindly work is done  
I find no snobbery in the sun,  
But great benevolence, a thought 10  
For giving more than can be bought.  
And birds but sing and squirrels dance  
At my unkempt appearance ;  
While trees at morn and evening nod  
Their greetings from the mind of God.  
And for me flowers must have a care  
That spring about me everywhere --  
Great multitudes my haunts frequent  
And keep for me their sweetest scent 20  
For being with them at the dawn  
Before the feeding dew has flown.  
And to me rain but gladness calls  
For being careless where it falls,  
And to that strenuous democrat,  
The wind, I doff my battered hat,  
Who asks no permit of His Grace  
The Duke to blow upon his face.

HUW MENAI

### LITTLE THINGS

SHE said, " I cannot understand  
Your passion for these little things."



## EARTH-BOUND

Oh, I shall never make her see  
How heartbreaking and dear to me  
A seagull's footprints on the sand ;  
A feather from a robin's wings ;  
The way the rose-red anthers grow  
On scabious flowers, purple-blue ;  
The glory of a flake of snow ;  
The colour in a drop of dew ;  
Striped velvet of a bee's brown coat ;  
The little pinky paws of moles ;                    10  
Sunlight upon a pigeon's throat ;  
The little lovely secret holes  
Of wood-wren's nest and field-mouse run ;  
The curve of rose-petals ; the back  
Of ladybirds, bright red and black ;  
The silken touch of thistledown ;  
A fleck of scafoam in the sun ;  
Pebbles in pools, all wet and brown. . . .  
Oh, will she never, never see  
How great these little things can be ?                    20  
TERESA HOOLEY

## EARTH-BOUND

I WANT no crystal streets, no city of gold,  
No walls of jasper, sapphire, chrysolite,  
No jewelled and lusted towers—no endless light,  
But the soft twilight of this earth that's old,  
Dawnings, and sunsets when the gates unfold  
And day goes out to leave consoling night :  
Far fields of daisies ; roses, lily white ;  
The brambled lanes, the rain-kissed fragrant mould :  
Cottage and hamlet, gardens of the morn—  
Hillside and moorland ; marge of briny sea—                    30  
The lark's long rapture and the yellowing corn,  
The household fires and smoke that circles free

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Around the tree-tops : cities, human stress—  
The dear familiar things of earthliness.

ARTHUR L. SALMON

SHE ASKS FOR NEW EARTH

LORD, when I find at last Thy Paradise,  
Be it not all too bright for human eyes,  
Lest I go sick for home through the high mirth—  
For Thy new Heaven, Lord, give me new earth.

Give of Thy mansions, Lord, a house so small  
Where they can come to me who were my all ;  
Let them run home to me just as of yore,  
Glad to sit down with me and go out no more. 10

Give me a garden, Lord, and a low hill,  
A field and a babbling brook that is not still ;  
Give me an orchard, Lord, in leaf and bloom,  
And my birds to sing to me in a quiet gloam.

There shall no canker be in leaf and bud,  
But glory on hill and sea and the green-wood,  
There, there shall none grow old but all be new,  
No moth nor rust shall fret nor thief break through.

Set Thou a mist upon Thy glorious sun,  
Lest we should faint for night and be undone ; 20  
Give us the high clean wind and the wild rain,  
Lest that we faint with thirst and go in pain.

Let there be Winter there and the joy of Spring,  
Summer and Autumn and the harvesting ;  
Give us all things we loved on earth of old  
Never to slip from out our fond arms' fold.

Give me a little house for my desire,  
The man and the children to sit by my fire,

## CHEDDAR PINKS

And friends crowding in to us, to our lit hearth—  
For Thy new Heaven, Lord, give me new earth !

KATHARINE TYNAN

## THE SEED SHOP

HERE in a quiet and dusty room they lie,  
Faded as crumbled stone or shifting sand,  
Forlorn as ashes, shrivelled, scentless, dry—  
Meadows and gardens running through my hand.

In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams ;  
A cedar in this narrow cell is thrust  
That will drink deeply of a century's streams,  
These lilies shall make summer on my dust. 10

Here in their safe and simple house of death,  
Scaled in their shells, a million roses leap ;  
Here I can blow a garden with my breath,  
And in my hand a forest lies asleep.

MURIEL STUART

## CHEDDAR PINKS

Mm the squander'd colour  
    idling as I lay  
Reading the Odyssey  
    in my rock-garden  
I espied the cluster'd  
    tufts of Cheddar pinks 20  
Burgeoning with promise  
    of their scented bloom  
All the modish motley  
    of their bloom to-be  
Thrust up in narrow buds  
    on the slender stalks  
Thronging springing urgent  
    hasting (so I thought)

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

As if they feared to be  
    too late for summer—  
Like schoolgirls overslept  
    waken'd by the bell  
Leaping from bed to don  
    their muslin dresses  
    On a May morning :

Then felt I like to one  
    indulging in sin  
(Whereto Nature is oft  
    a blind accomplice) 10  
Because my aged bones  
    so enjoyed the sun  
There as I lay along  
    idling with my thoughts  
Reading an old poet  
    while the busy world  
Toil'd moil'd fuss'd and scurried  
    worried bought and sold  
Plotted stole and quarrel'd 20  
    fought and God knows what.  
I had forgotten Homer  
    dallying with my thoughts  
Till I fell to making  
    these little verses  
Communing with the flowers  
    in my rock-garden  
    On a May morning.

ROBERT BRIDGES

BEAN-FLOWERS

How wonderful is man, that he can take  
Beauty from this or that ; can wake 30  
Strings in his vibrant being, till they are  
Responsive to a leaf, a bud, a star. . . .

## MY GOLD

Look at these bean-flowers whose soft petals, thrown  
Quivering back, are wings wind-blown,  
Black-veined and delicate as any moth's :  
How, with the wind, the whole field flakes and froths,  
Tosses in spume,  
And spills upon the air a honied fume !  
Yet were these flowers vain  
Did no man, in himself, create again,  
Scent and shadow and shine. . . .  
Therein arc they made lovely ; he, divine. 10

C. HENRY WARREN

## MY GOLD

My gold's hid in the daffodil  
And kingcup on the water-mead,  
Pale irises, that drink their fill  
And many a tender glimmering weed  
By fountain shrine.  
My gold's invested on the hill  
Where father linnet tells his rede  
And greater gorses shine.  
My gold's within the tormentil  
And golden-rod upon the wild ; 20  
Ragweeds that glow beside the rill ;  
Tansy and melampyre, so mild,  
Whose pallor lights the dusky denes  
Tree-shadowed. And in naked scenes,  
Where precipice and needling rocks  
Break to the sea with slope and spire,  
My gold's the lotus, goldilocks,  
And patines of the stout samphire  
Above unresting blue and foam  
That round their crags and castles roam. 30  
No charters fail, no banks suspend  
To rob me of a dividend.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

## KINGCUPS

WHEN poetry walked the live, spring wood,  
Hid, ghostlike, in the leaves' green hood,  
She came to a slant fence of sun,  
Whose golden timbers, one by one,  
Trod into a marsh's toils,  
And here she stayed her flowery spoils ;  
But pitying the marshes' plight  
She shook her lap, and wide and bright  
Great kingcups to that waste she threw  
Where nothing lived, and nothing grew ;        10  
Now, where poetry passed, there stays  
The light of suns, the fire of days,  
And these cups for kings to hold  
Make summer with their wide-eyed gold.

SACHIEVERELL SITWELL.

## WILD BROOM

O PERISHING, wasteful Broom,  
Each spur and spire  
A splendour outleaping, a flickering fire,  
Thou wilt burn thyself out !  
Why lavish thy gold  
On this bleak hillside where no eyes behold,        20  
Save the flitting birds, that pass unaware,  
And the scuttering bunnies who never care ?  
Be thrifty, and keep for the bare, dark days  
Some wisp of bright raiment, some spark of thy blaze !  
Be wiser, O Broom !  
Be wastrel no longer, but mindful of doom !

But the Broom—  
I flame, I expire ;

## THE UNCOURAGEOUS VIOLET

I am Beauty's plumage, my wings are a fire ;  
For a boon, neither buying nor sold,  
I scatter my gold.  
I have made this hillside one far-trumpeted shout.  
Sky and field may behold,  
And the wind-ragged rout  
Of tumultuous clouds,  
The passionate dawn, and the hurrying crowds  
Of fear-stricken lives, they may pause, they may listen  
To my pealing thanksgiving, 10  
My clamouring glory, my fierce boughs that glisten  
And blaze to dry scrub, as I perish by living.  
Your chaffer I flout,  
Your marts and your pricings, your wisdom I scout.  
But oh, the mad joy as I burn myself out !

EDWARD THOMPSON

## THE UNCOURAGEOUS VIOLET

If God had given man the power  
to warn the blade and warn the flower,  
“ Death is the guerdon of all that live ! ”  
and they refrained—would they forgive ?

Would daffodil the spring desert 20  
because her golden ballet-skirt,  
poised on a slim green-stockinged toe,  
with the first pirouette, must go ?

Would primrose lay aside her yellow  
competition with her fellow ?  
Would violet refuse to be  
blue in spring's lapis-lazuli ?

Would crocus timidly disclaim  
her silver heart of candle flame ?

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Would ragged-robin fail to make  
her universal red mistake ?

And if the smallest flower or weed  
demands her bright specific need,  
and tosses death behind her stem,  
are we too proud to learn from them ?

Are we afraid to tell the sage  
(who warns us) that the heritage  
of certain death, which does not fret  
the uncourageous violet,

10

we shall accept, and being heirs  
to his disorderly affairs,  
will teach him that a gentleman  
will spend his credit while he can?

HUMBERT WOLFE

THE ISLAND

(From "The Land")

SHE walks among the loveliness she made,  
Between the apple-blossom and the water—  
She walks among the patterned pied brocade,  
Each flower her son, and every tree her daughter.  
This is an island all with flowers inlaid,  
A square of grassy pavement tessellated ;  
Flowers in their order blowing as she bade,  
And in their company by her created.  
The waving grasses freckle sun with shade,  
The wind-blown waters round the kingcups ripple,  
Colour on colour chequered and arrayed,  
Shadow on light in variable stipple.  
Her regiments at her command parade,  
Foot-soldier primrose in his rank comes trooping,

20



## THE STREAM'S SONG

Then wind-flowers in a scarlet loose brigade,  
Fritillary with dusky orchis grouping.  
They are the Cossacks, dim in ambushade,  
Scarfed in their purple like a foreign stranger,  
Piratical, and apt for stealthy raid,  
Wherever's mystery or doubtful danger.  
Iris salutes her with his broad green blade,  
And marches by with proud imperial pennant,  
And tulips in a flying cavalcade  
Follow valerian for their lieutenant. 10  
The Lords-and-Ladies dressed for masquerade  
In green silk domino discreetly hooded,  
Hurry towards the nut-trees' colonnade,  
Philandering where privacy's well wooded ;  
They're the civilians of this bold crusade,  
The courtiers of this camp by blossom tented,  
With woodbine clambering the balustrade,  
And all by briar roses battlemented.  
There, in the sunlit grasses green as jade,  
She walks ; she sees her squadrons at attention,  
And, laughing at her flowery escapade, 21  
Stretches her hands towards her dear invention.

VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST

## THE STREAM'S SONG

MAKE way, make way,  
You thwarting stones ;  
Room for my play,  
Serious ones.

Do you not fear,  
O rocks and boulders,  
To feel my laughter  
On your grave shoulders ?

30

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Do you not know  
My joy at length  
Will all wear out  
Your solemn strength ?

You will not for ever  
Cumber my play ;  
With joy and a song  
I clear my way.

Your faith of rock  
Shall yield to me,  
And be carried away  
By the song of my glee.

10

Crumble, crumble,  
Voiceless things ;  
No faith can last  
That never sings.

For the last hour  
To joy belongs ;  
The steadfast perish,  
But not the songs.

20

Yet for a while  
Thwart me, O boulders ;  
I need for laughter  
Your serious shoulders.

And when my singing  
Has razed you quite,  
I shall have lost  
Half my delight.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

## PYLONS

### THE BRIDGE

THERE is peace found at the town's end  
Where the Roman bridge spans the stream.  
Beneath the stunted willows rushes bend  
Swaying above the shallows where scales gleam ;  
The silver fish there, darting over stones,  
A sudden brightness to the waters lend.  
The bridge outlives its builder's mouldered bones :  
There is peace found at the town's end.

JOHN GAWSWORTH

## PYLONS

OVER the tree'd upland evenly striding,  
One after one they lift their serious shapes 10  
That ring with light. The statement of their steel  
Contradicts Nature's softer architecture.  
Earth will not accept them as it accepts  
A wall, a plough, a church so coloured of earth  
It might be some experiment of the soil's.  
Yet are they outposts of the trekking future.  
Into the thatch-hung consciousness of hamlets  
They blaze new thoughts, new habits.

Traditions

Are being trod down like flowers dropped by children.

Already that farm-boy striding and throwing seed 20  
In the shoulder-hinged half-circle Millet knew,  
Looks grey with antiquity as his dead forbears,  
A half familiar figure out of the Georgics,  
Unheeded by these new-world, rational towers.

STANLEY SNAITH

BELEAGUERED CITIES

BUILD your houses, build your houses, build your  
towns,  
Fell the woodland, to a gutter turn the brook,  
Pave the meadows, pave the meadows, pave the  
downs,  
Plant your bricks and mortar where the grasses  
shook,  
The wind-swept grasses shook.  
Build, build your Babels black against the sky—  
But mark yon small green blade, your stones between,  
The single spy  
Of that uncounted host you have outcast ;  
For with their tiny pennons waving green 10  
They shall storm your streets at last.

Build your houses, build your houses, build your  
slums,  
Drive your drains where once the rabbits used to  
lurk,  
Let there be no song there save the wind that  
hums  
Through the idle wires while dumb men tramp to  
work,  
Tramp to their idle work.  
Silent the siege ; none notes it ; yet one day  
Men from your walls shall watch the woods once  
more  
Close round their prey.  
Build, build the ramparts of your giant-town ; 20  
Yet they shall crumble to the dust before  
The battering thistle-down.

F. L. LUCAS

## SNOW IN THE SUBURBS

### TO SOME BUILDERS OF CITIES

You have thrust Nature out, to make  
A wilderness where nothing grows  
But forests of unbudding stone  
(The sparrow's lonely for his boughs) ;  
You fling up citadels to stay  
The soft invasion of the rose.

But though you put the Earth in thrall  
And ransack all her fragrant dowers,  
Her old accomplice, Heaven, will plot  
To take with stars your roofs and towers ;     10  
And neither stone nor steel can foil  
That silver strategy of flowers.

STANLEY SNAITH

## SNOW IN THE SUBURBS

EVERY branch big with it,  
Bent every twig with it ;  
Every fork like a white web-foot ;  
Every street and pavement mute ;  
Some flakes have lost their way, and grope back  
upward, when  
Meeting those meandering down they turn and  
descend again.  
The palings are glued together like a wall,  
And there is no waft of wind with the fleecy fall.     20

A sparrow enters the tree,  
Whercon immediately  
A snow-lump thrice his own slight size  
Descends on him and showers his head and eyes.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

And overturns him,  
And near inurns him,  
And lights on a nether twig, when its brush  
Starts off a volley of other lodging lumps with a rush.

The steps are a blanched slope,  
Up which, with feeble hope,  
A black cat comes, wide-eyed and thin ;  
And we take him in.

THOMAS HARDY

DUBLIN ROADS

WHEN you were a lad that lacked a trade,  
Oh, many's the thing you'd see on the way 10  
From Kill-o'-the-Grange to Ballybrack,  
And from Cabinteely down into Bray,  
When you walked these roads the whole of a day.

High walls there would be to the left and right,  
With ivies growing across the top,  
And a briary ditch on the other side,  
And a place where a quiet goat might crop,  
And a wayside bench where a man could stop.

A hen that had found a thing in her sleep,  
One would think, the way she went craw-craw-cree,  
You would hear as you sat on the bench was there, 21  
And a cock that thought he crew mightily,  
And all the stir of the world would be

A cart that went creaking along the road,  
And another cart that kept coming a-near ;  
A man breaking stones ; for bits of the day  
One stroke and another would come to you clear,  
And then no more from that stone-breaker.

## DUBLIN ROADS

And his day went by as the clouds went by,  
As hammer in hand he sat alone,  
Breaking the mendings of the road ;  
The dazzles up from the stones were thrown  
When, after the rain, the sun down-shone.

And you'd leave him there, that stone-breaker,  
And you'd wonder who came to see what was done  
By him in a day, or a month, or a week :  
He broke a stone and another one,  
And you left him there and you travelled on. 10

A quiet road ! You would get to know  
The briars and stones along by the way ;  
A dozen times you'd see last year's nest ;  
A peacock's cry, a pigeon astray  
Would be marks enough to set on a day ;

Or the basket-carriers you would meet—  
A man and a woman—they were a pair !  
The woman going beside his heel :  
A straight-walking man with a streak of him bare,  
And eyes that would give you a crafty stare. 20

Coming down from the hills they'd have ferns to sell,  
Going up from the strand they'd have cockles in stock :  
Sand in their baskets from the sea,  
Or clay that was stripped from a hillside rock—  
A pair that had often stood in the dock !

Or a man that played on a tin-whistle :  
He looked as he'd taken a scarecrow's rig ;  
Playing and playing as though his mind  
Could do nothing else but go to a jig,  
And no one around him, little or big. 30

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

And you'd meet no man else until you came  
Where you could look down upon the sedge,  
And watch the Dargle water flow,  
And men smoke pipes on the bridge's ledge,  
While a robin sang by the haws in a hedge.

Or no bird sang, and the bird-catchers  
Would have talk enough for a battle gained,  
When they came from the field and stood by the  
bridge,  
Taking shelter beside it while it rained,  
While the bird new-caught huddled and strained 10

In this cage or that, a linnet or finch,  
And the points it had were declared and surmised :  
And this one's tail was spread out, and there  
Two little half-moons, the marks that were prized ;  
And you looked well on the bird assized.

Then men would go by with a rick of hay  
Piled on a cart ; with them you would be  
Walking beside the piled-up load :  
It would seem as it left the horses free,  
They went with such stride and so heartily— 20

And so you'll go back along the road.

PADRAIC COLUM

THE LOST HEIFER

WHEN the black herds of the rain were grazing  
In the gap of the pure cold wind  
And the watery hazes of the hazel  
Brought her into my mind,  
I thought of the last honey by the water  
That no hive can find.



## VALE

Brightness was drenching through the branches  
When she wandered again,  
Turning the silver out of dark grasses  
Where the skylark had lain,  
And her voice coming softly over the meadow  
Was the mist becoming rain.

AUSTIN CLARKE

## CAMBRIDGESHIRE

THE stacks, like blunt impassive temples, rise  
Across flat fields against the autumnal skies.  
The hairy-hoovèd horses plough the land,  
Or as in prayer and meditation stand                   10  
Upholding square, primeval, dung-stained carts,  
With an unending patience in their hearts.

Nothing is changed. The farmer's gig goes by  
Against the horizon. Surely, the same sky,  
So vast and yet familiar, grey and mild,  
And streaked with light like music, I, a child,  
Lifted my face from leaf-edged lanes to see,  
Late-coming home, to bread-and-butter tea.

FRANCES CORNFORD

## VALE

FAREWELL, this is the first, the worst Farewell,  
Good-bye to the long dream ;                                   20  
I hear the tolling of my boyhood's knell,  
And I must cross the stream.

Good-bye, South Meadow, Athens, Cuckoo Weir,  
Good-bye, tall Brocas trees ;  
To me you are more sacred and more fair  
Than the Hesperides.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

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Than the Hesperides.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Good-bye, dear Library, dear musty shelves,  
Worn books and marble bust,  
Where over tables scholars skipped like elves,  
And raised a cloud of dust.

But there I saw—as through a misty veil  
A chalice of white fire—  
The light of Shelley's song, and heard the tale  
Of his divine desire.

'Twas there I read how, led by fatal chance,  
A mortal loved the Moon ; 10  
And thus I learnt the language of romance,  
And heard the magic tune.

The little book was like a silver key  
To many-coloured lands,  
Where wondrous harps upon a ghostly sea  
Answer a mermaid's hands.

To-morrow I shall be beyond the spell,  
The fields behind ; the road  
Before me ; banished from the wishing well,  
And on my back a load. 20

Yet none can steal the tasted happiness,  
And if I meet dark hours,  
Dear Mother, I will turn in my distress  
Back to thy chiming towers.

Though pangs begotten of sweet memory  
Make worse the present woe,  
I'll turn to thee and say : " At Eton I  
Was happy long ago.

"What can I give thee, Mother, in return  
For all thy gifts to me ? 30

## THE CALL OF THE FELS

What if no laurel shall adorn my urn,  
Nor deed of high degree ?

“Others with honour, glory and green bays  
Shall brighten thy bright fame ;  
I with no more than love, can swell thy praise  
With one forgotten name.”

MAURICE BARING

## THE CALL OF THE FELS

I WOULD that I were home again  
Smelling the Yorkshire loam again  
And the sweet flowers stealing sunwards in the  
ghylls.  
Oh, to hear the wild lambs calling 10  
And the silver streams down-falling  
Where Wharfe and Swale come rushing from the  
hills !

And to hear the rough moor voices  
At yon inn where life rejoices,  
And to drink fower pints o' ale wi' Yarkshire Jan !  
How I'd love to see old faces,  
And walk free in rocky places,  
And forget I am a star-struck singing-man.

And to flick a line, and angle  
Where the milk-white pebbles spangle 20  
The borders of the little fleeting streams !  
Pack my fishing rod and basket.  
No, but no ! I may not ask it.  
I must feast my heart on shadows—Dreams !—  
Dreams !

HERBERT E. PALMER

## HOME-SICKNESS

A hot south-easter's blowing,  
A steamer's homeward going ;  
In three weeks I might reach  
Old Yorkshire. Hear the speech  
Of my father's folk again,  
Refreshing as the rain.  
See villages I know  
Where people's ways are slow,  
Where I can watch the thrushes  
Nesting in cottage bushes ; 10  
Primroses giving thanks  
To mist along the banks  
Of railways ; the young green  
That spears between  
Heads in a hyacinth belt.  
Is this grand expanse of veldt  
And mountain worth the losing  
Of the land of my heart's choosing ?

There are tiny things that make  
The remembering spirit ache : 20  
An old cur's friendly bark  
At his flock's return at dark ;  
Moorland roads that twist and dip  
Far away from fellowship,  
Lights that show at journey's end  
In the windows of a friend.  
Music, memorable and sweet  
Where two little rivers meet.

Up among the limestone crags  
Baby Aire is born, and lags 30  
In shadowed pools where brown trout rise  
Catching the laggards among flies.

## HOME-SICKNESS

Wharfe, where lovely legends wander,  
Whose eddying waters purl and ponder  
Beneath old bridges ; where a cob  
May still shy at a lurking hob,  
And Barguest on a gusty night  
Puts witches' kittens in full flight.

Nidderdale, where I have spent  
So many hours of merriment  
Tossing the hay and making cocks  
Under the lee of Brimham Rocks ;                    10  
Hearing the snipes' tail-feathers' drumming,  
Tiptoeing for a planet's coming.  
Yorc, where wall and hedgerow vie  
And pasture rivals fields of rye,  
Where you may hear the " Gone Away "  
Re-echo any autumn day,  
And watch the hounds and horses streaming  
Across the happy fields of dreaming.  
Swale, whose waters ripple down  
Past Yorkshire's bonniest little town,                    20  
Whose castle looks updale to hills  
That link up with the Cumbrian ghylls.

Rycdale, Bilsdale, Malham Cove,  
Semerwater that I love,  
Bishopsdale and Langstrothdale,  
Each could tell a thrilling tale  
Of Border raiders, and each name  
Sets my homesick heart aflame.  
For lands to which our hearts are wed  
Are those where we were born and bred,                    30  
And so, until the end, my song  
Shall be of dales where I belong.

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

IN EXILE

Who would have thought a little field,  
A patch of green where skies are wide,  
The steep lane up a valley, and  
Smoke curling upwards from beside  
Five lonely trees in that steep part,  
Could stir such sadness in the heart ?

Who would have thought a little field,  
A far-off road, a far-off lane,  
A far-off cottage could in time  
Wake far-off thoughts with so much pain, to  
Wake far-off thoughts so hard to stem  
A man might fear to think of them ?

MONK GIBBON

PALESTINE

Orr, we speak not overmuch  
Of the strange lands we have seen,  
Our eyes were not for such  
Very keen.

And the brightest thing we knew,  
In a land of gaudy flowers,  
Was a daisy, tipped with dew,  
English ! Ours !

20

FRANK KENDON

WINDY DAY IN PROVENCE

THE cypresses are looped with wind.  
The poplars besom the swinging sky.



## CYPRESSES

Squat dark trunks, hands on hips,  
Plant their feet in the fleeting grass.

Across his face the sun's hair  
In golden wantonness is blown.  
The mauve down of mountain-spines  
Ripples like cat's fur backward stroked.

Under the bridge the rods wag.  
Over the bridge the wires sing.  
The river round the stolid drums  
Beats blue to green and green to gold. 10

Wind at wide hats like captured crows.  
Wind at the heart like running surf.  
And wind upon the wild sky  
Like Van Gogh's paintbrush wild with pain.  
L. AARONSON

*Tarascon*

## CYPRESSES

TUSCAN cypresses,  
What is it?

Folded in like a dark thought  
For which the language is lost,  
Tuscan cypresses,  
Is there a great secret? 20  
Are our words no good?

The undeliverable secret,  
Dead with a dead race and a dead speech, and yet  
Darkly monumental in you,  
Etruscan cypresses.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Ah, how I admire your fidelity,  
Dark cypresses !

Is it the secret of the long-nosed Etruscans ?  
The long-nosed, sensitive-footed, subtly-smiling Etrus-  
cans,  
Who made so little noise outside the cypress groves ?

Among the sinuous, flame-tall cypresses  
That swayed their length of darkness all around  
Etruscan-dusky, wavering men of old Etruria :  
Naked except for fanciful long shoes,  
Going with insidious, half-smiling quietness 10  
And some of Africa's imperturbable sang-froid  
About a forgotten business.

What business, then ?  
Nay, tongues are dead, and words are hollow as  
hollow seed-pods,  
Having shed their sound and finished all their echoing  
Etruscan syllables,  
That had the telling.  
Yet more I see you darkly concentrate,  
Tuscan cypresses,  
On one old thought : 20  
On one old slim imperishable thought, while you  
remain  
Etruscan cypresses ;  
Dusky, slim marrow-thought of slender, flickering men  
of Etruria,  
Whom Rome called vicious.

Vicious, dark cypresses :  
Vicious, you supple, brooding, softly-swaying pillars  
of dark flame.

# CYPRESSES

Monumental to a dead, dead race  
Embowered in you !

Were they then vicious, the slender, tender-footed  
Long-nosed men of Etruria ?  
Or was their way only evasive and different, dark, like  
cypress-trees in a wind ?

They are dead, with all their vices,  
And all that is left  
Is the shadowy monomania of some cypresses  
And tombs. 10

The smile, the subtle Etruscan smile still lurking  
Within the tombs,  
Etruscan cypresses.  
He laughs longest who laughs last ;  
Nay, Leonardo only bungled the pure Etruscan smile.

What would I not give  
To bring back the rare and orchid-like  
Evil-yclept Etruscan ?

For as to the evil  
We have only Roman word for it, 20  
Which I, being a little weary of Roman virtue,  
Don't hang much weight on.

For oh, I know, in the dust where we have buried  
The silenced races and all their abominations,  
We have buried so much of the delicate magic of life.

There in the deeps  
That churn the frankincense and ooze the myrrh,  
Cypress shadowy,  
Such an aroma of lost human life !

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

They say the fit survive,  
But I invoke the spirits of the lost.  
Those that have not survived, the darkly lost,  
To bring their meaning back into life again,  
Which they have taken away  
And wrapt inviolable in soft cypress-trees,  
Etruscan cypresses.

Evil, what is evil?  
There is only one evil, to deny life  
As Rome denied Etruria 10  
And mechanical America Montezuma still.

D. H. LAWRENCE

*Fiesole*

## DAY BY THE DESERT

ALONG the dry coast of Arabia  
I heard the quail and the hard rattling tide.  
Distant, as untuned bells by a mere-side,  
Gaunt palm-fronds clanked, troubling the rare  
And bitter morning air.  
Then Azrael called to Ithuriel  
Flashing his brass wings yellower than sand ;  
Ithuriel with a golden horn replied.  
Out of the resonant land 20  
Noon passed and evening died.

STIERARD VINES

## JUNGLE DRUMS

HUDDLING among the scared baboons, he watches  
From his uneasy refuge in the boughs  
The battle-royal as the lions roll,

## JUNGLE DRUMS

A whirl of lashing tails and crashing limbs,  
Round the contested carcase of the quarry,  
But now, a lithe light-hearted springbok leaping  
In the still crystal of the wizard moon ;  
When suddenly the snarls and skirls that rend  
The tense expectancy of jungle-night,  
Ripping his midriff, scooping out his vitals,  
Stop dead—those steely clutching claws of sound  
Blunted and muted to a thudded thrumming,  
A far dull thudding, as of the jungle's heart-beat 10  
Grown audible—the heart of occult evil  
Pulsating with slow measured palpitation  
Of sluggish blood, and the dumb sulking lions  
Skulk through the bush, awed by that mesmerising  
Monotonous redundant muttering menace,  
Relinquishing their quarry that not even  
One jackal stays to snuffle ; and in the branches  
No shuddering baboon beside him huddles,  
All stolen off like soundless ghosts unheeded,  
As nearer, clearer, rolls that stunning drubbing, 20  
A ghostly rub-a-dubbing like the drumming  
Of ghostly marchers ever closer coming,  
The bloodless drumming of a bony army  
Beating again to unremembered battles  
On the taut tympan of the tom-toms rattling  
In cracking fusillades, then dully grumbling  
Like sullen thunder in far hills, then rumbling  
Like earthquake underfoot, then sharply shattering  
The zenith with a cataract of clattering  
That peters to a pattering stuttering mutter, 30  
Now seeming but the pulse of his own terror  
Feebly aflutter, now a spate full-flooding  
The strained walls of his thudding breast to bursting,  
Then a slow drub of bludgeon blows nigh clubbing  
His senses to unconsciousness, then startling  
His frayed and fretted nerves awake  
With crackles as of burning brake,

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Then sinking slowly to a lamentation  
Throbbing and sobbing through the wizard moon-  
light

Until the sobbing strangles in the tangles  
Of crass embrangling creepers' throttling clutches  
And, suffocating under smothering lumber  
Of centuries that crashed in crushing cumber  
To a gross bloated fever-ridden slumber  
Glutted with all the blood-lust of the jungle,  
Is muted to a muffled moaning mumble  
Droning and dulling to a silent stupor 10  
More dread than death—then rousing of a sudden  
A rattling roulade on his very eardrums,  
Reverberating through his shuddering midriff  
Rending each anguished fibre of his being  
Till, just a stretched skin on earth's hollowed gourd,  
He throbs and quivers, swinging at the thigh-bone  
Of the old inexorable skull-faced Drummer  
Madding the fearful hearts of men to war.

WILFRID W. GIBSON

## DAYBREAK IN THE TROPICS

GREY as the banks of mud on which they tilt  
Their armoured heads, the alligators smile 20  
Alternately disclosing greed and guile,  
While staring at the thickly-moving silt.  
And when the suffocating night has gone  
Discovered by the dawn in quick surprise,  
They blink the shutters of their gilded eyes  
And turn and plunge into the Amazon.

Feeling the sun's incendiary hand  
Ignite the densely vegetated land  
Parrots and brilliant parrakeets emerge ;

## MEXICANS IN CALIFORNIA

And leaving their green palaces and domes  
They scream across the forest's leafy verge  
Like fugitives forsaking stricken homes.

YVONNE FRENCH

## MEXICANS IN CALIFORNIA

SOUTH and south of the redwood mountains,  
    (Where the lumber rolls in rain)  
South beyond the city of the Golden Gate,  
    (Where the mist-blown streets climb steep, dip straight)  
    You shall suddenly meet Spain.

All down the shores of the green Pacific  
    The bastards of Cortes drift, 10  
Lounge on the fishing-wharves of old Monterey,  
Lade orange cargoes in San Diego bay,  
    Trap turtle, and seek shrift.

On the hot wild slopes of old California,  
    That was long since Mexico,  
Lithe among the olives, the olive trees from Spain,  
Blacker than their sires who sacked the Spanish main,  
    Like mountain cats they go.

What turbulent blood from two fierce races  
    Creeps in two black hot streams 20  
Through the body and soul of the lithe dark man,  
Through the blind dark soul of a Mexican,  
    Coiled among stealthy dreams ?

Behind and behind the Conquistadores  
    And their arrogant, thieving bands,  
There stretches a long brown lazy line—  
Andalusians beneath the sun-scorched vine,  
In Spanish posedas, drinking wine,  
    Their quick knives in their hands.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

But out from the heart of the whispering jungle  
And the desert's pale burnt gold,  
Stalk stealthier breeds, with unswerving faces,  
Stalk the Aztec, Maya, Apache races,  
And New Spain mates with old.

What stirs in your blood, you black-eyed greaser,  
With your mocking, ware-trap air?  
What old-world, what new-world, devilries ride  
On the beat of a pulse, on the surge of a tide,  
As you pitch ripe citrons there? 10  
ROSE MACAULAY

THE RIO GRANDE

By the Rio Grande  
They dance no sarabande  
On level banks like lawns above the glassy, lolling tide;  
Nor sing they forlorn madrigals  
Whose sad note stirs the sleeping gales  
Till they wake among the trees, and shake the boughs,  
And fright the nightingales;  
But they dance in the city, down the public squares,  
On the marble pavers with each colour laid in shares,  
At the open church doors loud with light within, 20  
At the bell's huge tolling,  
By the river music, gurgling, thin,  
Through the soft Brazilian air.  
The Comendador and the Alguacil are there  
On horseback, hid with feathers, loud and shrill  
Blowing orders on their trumpets like a bird's sharp bill  
Through boughs, like a bitter wind, calling  
They shine like steady starlight while those other  
sparks are falling  
In burnished armour, with their plumes of fire,  
Tireless, while all others tire. 30



## THE SHIP

The noisy streets are empty and hushed is the town  
To where, in the square, they dance and the band is  
playing ;

Such a space of silence through the town to the  
river

That the water murmurs loud  
Above the band and crowd together ;  
And the strains of the sarabande,  
More lively than a madrigal,  
Go hand in hand

Like the river and its waterfall  
As the great Rio Grande rolls down to the sea. 10

Loud is the marimba's note  
Above these half-salt waves,  
And louder still the tympanum,  
The plectrum and the kettle-drum,  
Sullen and menacing

Do these brazen voices ring.

They ride outside,  
Above the salt-seas's tide,  
Till the ships at anchor there

Hear this enchantment 20

Of the soft Brazilian air,  
By those Southern winds wafted,  
Slow and gentle,  
Their fierceness tempered  
By the air that flows between.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL

## THE SHIP

A SHIP from Valparaiso came  
And in the Bay her sails were furled,  
She brought the wonder of her name  
And tidings from a sunnier world.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

O you must voyage far if you  
Would sail away from gloom and wet  
And see beneath the Andes blue  
Our white, umbrageous city set.

But I was young and would not go ;  
For I believed when I was young,  
That somehow life in time would show  
All that was ever said or sung.

Over the golden pools of sleep  
She went long since with gilded spars ;        10  
Into the night-empurpled deep  
And traced her legend on the stars.

But she will come for me once more,  
And I shall see that City set,  
The mountainous, Pacific shore—  
By God, I half believe it yet !

OLIVER GOGARTY

*AT THE PLOUGH AND ANCHOR*

JAN CASPAR, the drunken sailor,  
The broken-nosed disgrace  
Of fifty ports—Jan Caspar  
Home from the China shore        20  
With a sword-slash down his face,  
Knows Cancer and Capricorn  
Where we shall never see  
Strange stars riding the topmast  
Of a tall ship under sail.  
For we shall never round the Horn,  
Or call for wine in Mexico,  
Or get dead drunk in a roaring gale,  
Never, never take lines to cast

## LUCK

For spiky fish in the dead calm  
Of a lonely archipelago.

*" I seen the sea-sarpint " (says Jan),  
" But he didn't do us no harm ;  
He were fatter'n twenty farrowin' sows,  
An' longer'n Maypole Street.  
With a mouth nearly the size of a house,  
An' fins as big as a man.  
You oughter seen him when he beat  
Alongside, wrigglin' like a worm,  
Fretlin' and foam'n—he were fine,  
Eatin' salt pork and makin' a storm  
With playin' round the ship all day  
One time we crossed the line."*

10

Jan sits and talks at the inn door,  
He sees the boats go by  
At evening over the quiet harbour  
Till they fade away in the sky—

*" I'm sailin' again myself " (says Jan),  
" Come the middle of July."*

20

But we shall never cross the wide Pacific,  
Or gaze at sunset on its bright sea-gardens,  
Catching the flying fish with naked hands,  
Or kiss a girl beneath the Spanish sky,  
Or anchor at Tunis or in Jamaica harbour,  
Being old landsmen who are ripe to die.

EDWARD DAVISON

## LUCK

" WHAT bring you, sailor, home from the sea—  
Coffers of gold and of ivory ? "

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

When first I went to sea as a lad  
A new jack-knife was all I had :

And I've sailed for fifty years and three  
To the coasts of gold and of ivory :

And now at the end of a lucky life,  
Well, still I've got my old jack-knife.

WILFRID W. GIBSON

TUGS

At noon three English dowagers ride  
Stiff of neck and dignified,  
*Margaret, Maud and Mary Blake,*  
With servile barges in their wake : 10  
But silhouetted at mid night,  
Darkly, by green and crimson light,  
Three Nubian queens pass down the Thames  
Statelily with flashing gems.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

CHOOSING A MAST

This mast, new-shaved, through whom I rive the  
ropes,  
Says she was once an oread of the slopes,  
Graceful and tall upon the rocky highlands,  
A slender tree as vertical as noon,  
And her low voice was lovely as the silence  
Through which a fountain whistles to the moon, 20  
Who now of the white spray must take the veil  
And, for her songs, the thunder of the sail.

## CHOOSING A MAST

I chose her for her fragrance, when the spring  
With sweetest resins swelled her fourteenth ring  
And with live amber welded her young thews :  
I chose her for the glory of the Muse,  
Smoother of forms, that her hard-knotted grain,  
Grazed by the chisel, shaven by the plane,  
Might from the steel as cool a burnish take  
As from the bladed moon a windless lake.

I chose her for her eagerness of flight  
Where she stood tiptoe on the rocky height                    10  
Lifted by her own perfume to the sun,  
While through her rustling plumes with eager sound  
Her eagle spirit, with the gale at one,  
Spreading wide pinions, would have spurned the  
ground  
And her own sleeping shadow, had they not  
With thymy fragrance charmed her to the spot.

Lover of song, I chose this mountain pine  
Not only for the straightness of her spine  
But for her songs : for there she loved to sing  
Through a long noon's repose of wave and wing,                    20  
The fluvial swirling of her scented hair  
Sole rill of song in all that windless air,  
And her slim form the naiad of the stream  
Afloat upon the langour of its theme ;

And for the soldier's fare on which she fed :  
Her wine the azure, and the snow her bread ;  
And for her stormy watches on the height,  
For only out of solitude or strife  
Are born the sons of valour and delight ;  
And lastly for her rich exulting life    30  
That with the wind stopped not its singing breath  
But carolled on, the louder for its death.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Under a pine, when summer days were deep,  
We loved the most to lie in love or sleep :  
And when in long hexameters the west  
Rolled his grey surge, the forest for his lyre,  
It was the pines that sang us to our rest,  
Loud in the wind and fragrant in the fire,  
With legioned voices swelling all night long,  
From Pelion to Provence, their storm of song.

It was the pines that fanned us in the heat,  
The pines, that cheered us in the time of sleet,      10  
For which sweet gifts I set one dryad free ;  
No longer to the wind a rooted foe,  
This nymph shall wander where she longs to be  
And with the blue north wind arise and go,  
A silver huntress with the moon to run  
And fly through rainbows with the rising sun ;

And when to pasture in the glittering shoals  
The guardian mistral drives his thundering foals,  
And when like Tartar horsemen racing free  
We ride the snorting fillics of the sea,      20  
My pine shall be the archer of the gale  
While on the bending willow curves the sail  
From whose great bow the long keel shooting home  
Shall fly, the feathered arrow of the foam.

ROY CAMPBELL.

A CAPTAIN COME TO PORT

A CAPTAIN come to port, a dream-sick man  
With far horizons staring from his eyes.  
Week-long his ship had been, wherever she ran,  
Caught in a stubborn bubble of the skies.  
Only his spirit had found land o' nights  
Beyond the low-hung stars at the last rim.      30

## THE RAMBLING SAILOR

Now he, dark-sailing through a host of lights,  
Came, drowned with seas, and earth broke over him.

*And earth broke over him ; men, rank on rank,  
Smashed down upon his dream that had prepared  
A different thing. And when he ate and drank,  
Sitting alone in smudgy inns, he stared  
To find a face his heart should recognise.  
No face would come but a slender ship only,  
Daring the drifting prison of the skies  
For that last landfall of the odyssey.*

10

Oh, folded yet with watery ply !  
Stemless forests wave their bines  
And finny things that flicker by  
Winnow the dark streets that lie  
Unpaven yet of that city.  
But let him loose the snaky twines  
Of rope, escape the traffic, flee  
The harbour, and put out to sea.

ORGILL MACKENZIE

## THE RAMBLING SAILOR

In the old back streets o' Pimlico,  
On the docks at Monte Vidco,  
At the Ring o' Bells on Plymouth Hoe  
He'm arter me now whereever I go.  
An' dirty nights when the wind do blow  
I can hear him sing-songin' up from sea :  
Oh ! no man nor woman's bin friend to me  
An' to-day I'm feared wheer to-morrow I'll be,  
Sin' the night the moon lay whist and white  
On the road goin' down to the Lizard Light  
When I heard him hummin' behind me.

20

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

" Oh ! look, boy, look in your sweetheart's eyes  
So deep as sea an' so blue as skies ;  
An' 'tis better to kiss than to chide her.  
If they tell 'ee no tales, they'll tell 'ee no lies  
Of the little brown mouse  
That creeps into the house  
To lie sleepin' so quiet beside her.

" Oh ! hold 'ee long, but hold 'ee light  
Your true mate's hand when you find him,  
He'll help 'ee home on a darksome night 10  
Wi' a somethin' bright  
That he'm holdin' tight  
In the hand that he keeps behind him.

" Oh ! sit 'ee down to your whack o' pies,  
So hot's the stew and the brew likewise,  
But while you'm scrapin' the plates and dishes,  
A-gapin' down in the shiversome sea  
For the delicate mossels inside o' we  
Theer's a passel o' hungry fishes."

At the *Halte des Marins* at *Saint Nazaire* 20  
I cussed him, sittin' astride his chair ;  
An' Christmas Eve on the Mary Clare  
I pitched him a'down the hatch-way stair.  
But " Shoutin' and cloutin's nothing to me,  
Nor the hop nor the skip nor the jump," says he,  
" For I be walkin' on every quay—"

" So look, boy, look in the dear inaid's eyes  
And take the true man's hand  
And eat your fill o' your whack o' pies  
Till you'm starin' up where the sea-crow flies 30  
Wi' your head lyin' soft in the sand."

CHARLOTTE MEW



## THE SHIPS

### THE SHIPS

(From "The Sirens")

WHITHER is she gone, wing'd by the evening airs,  
Yon sail that draws the last of light afar,  
On the sea-verge alone, despising other cares  
Than her own errand and her guiding star ?  
She leaves the safe land, leaves the roofs, and the long  
roads

Travelling the hills to end for each at his own hearth.  
She leaves the silence under slowly-darkening elms,  
The friendly human voices, smell of dew and dust,  
And generations of men asleep in the old earth.  
Between two solitudes she glides and fades, 10  
And round us falls the darkness she invades.

Waters empty and outcast, O barren waters !  
What have your wastes to do  
With the earth-treader, the earth-tiller ; this frail  
Body of man ; the sower, whom the green shoot  
gladdens ;  
Hewer of trees ; the builder, who houses him from the  
bleak winds,  
And whom awaits at last long peace beneath the  
grass

In soil his fathers knew ?  
What shall he hope for from your careless desolation,  
Lion-indolence, or cold roar of your risen wrath ? 20  
What sows he in your furrows, or what fruit gathers  
But hazard, loss, and his own hard courage ? . . .  
Yon sail goes like a spirit seeking you.

I heard a trumpet from beyond the moon,  
Piercing ice-blue gulfs of air,  
Cry down the secret waters of the world,

Under the far sea-streams, to summon there  
 The foundered ships, the splendid ships, the lost ships.  
 In their ribb'd ruin and age-long sleep they heard,  
 Where each had found her shadowy burial-bed,  
 Clutched in blind reef, shoal-choked or shingle-bound ;  
 Heard from betraying isles and capes of dread  
 In corners of all oceans, where the light  
 Gropes faltering over their spilt merchandize :  
 And shapes at last were stirred  
 On glimmerless abysses' oozy floors, 10  
 Known to the dark fins only and drowned eyes ;—  
 Sunk out of memory, they that glided forth  
 Bound from cold rivers to the tropic shores,  
 Or questing up the white gloom of the North,  
 Or shattered in the glory of old wars,  
 The laden ships, the gallant ships, the lost ships !

I saw them clouding up over the verge,  
 Ghosts that arose out of an unknown grave,  
 Strange to the buoyant seas that young they rode upon  
 And strange to the idle glitter of the wave. 20  
 Magically re-built, rigged and manned,  
 They stole in their slow beauty toward the land.  
 Mariners, O mariners !  
 I heard a voice cry ; Home, come home !  
 Here is the rain-fresh earth ; leaf-changing seasons ;  
     here  
 Spring the flowers ; and here, older than memory,  
     peace  
 Tastes on the air sweet as honey in the honey-comb.  
 Smells not the hearth-smoke better than spices of  
     India ?  
 Are not children's kisses dearer than ivory and pearls ?  
 And sleep in the hill kinder than nameless water 30  
 And the cold, wandering foam ?  
 Dear are the names of home, I heard a far voice  
     answer,

## POSTED

Pleasant the tilled valley, the flocks and farms ; and  
sweet  
The hum in cities of men, and words of our own  
kin.  
But we have tasted wild fruit, listened to strange  
music ;  
And all shores of the earth are but as doors of an inn ;  
We knocked at the doors, and slept ; to arise at dawn  
and go.  
We spilt blood for gold, trafficked in costly cargoes,  
But knew in the end it was not these we sailed to win ;  
Only a wider sea ; room for the winds to blow,  
And a world to wander in.

LAURENCE BINYON

## POSTED

DREAM after dream I see the wrecks that lie 10  
Unknown of man, unmarked upon the charts,  
Known of the flat-fish with the withered eye,  
And seen by women in their aching hearts.

World-wide the scattering is of those fair ships  
That trod the billow tops till out of sight :  
The cuttle mumbles them with horny lips,  
The shells of the sea-insects crust them white.

In silence and in dimness and in greenness  
Among the indistinct and leathery leaves  
Of fruitless life they lie among the cleanness. 20  
Fish glide and flit, slow under-movement heaves :

But no sound penetrates, not even the lunge  
Of live ships passing, nor the gannet's plunge.

JOHN MASEFIELD

LIFE

For God's sake, kill not : Spirit that is breath  
With Life the earth's gray dust irradiates ;  
That which has neither part nor lot with death  
Deep in the smallest rabbit's heart vibrates.  
Of God we know naught, save three acts of will :  
Life that vibrates in every breathing form,  
Truth that looks out over the window sill,  
And Love that is calling us home out of the storm.

EVA GORE-BOOTH

TO LIFE

FAIR, fierce Life ! What will you do with me ?  
What will you make me ? 10  
Take me and break me,  
Hurt me, or love me,  
But throne me not lonely and safely above thee,  
Sweet Life !

Radiant, terrible Life ! See now, I offer thee  
Body and spirit.  
Let me inherit  
Agony—wonder :

But leave me not icily, numbly asunder,  
Dear Life !

20

MARY WEBB

LIFE AND DEATH

At the Bengali service, which was long,  
With endless droning hymns, with droned-out prayer  
Which seemed to make the universe its care,  
Working the springing spirit of man deep wrong,

## COUNSELS OF COURAGE

A drowsy, fumbling rumble of parrot phrase,  
Dull, dull ! My hat, but it was dull !  
So dull, it seemed to daze,  
Sandbagging thought, vaguely vexing the ear  
And brain, which were too wise to admit and hear. . . .  
Suddenly at the preacher's back there shone,  
Framed in an open window, a glorious sight,  
A mighty banyan ; and my heart was gone  
To service there, with squirrel and pagan bird,  
With butterflies, and leaves, by sharp gusts stirred. 10  
Do you not see ? The whole thing was living !  
There was worship, there was prayer, there thanks-  
giving !  
The tree was glad ; its spreading boughs were resting ;  
A million happy lives, wild with elation,  
Scampered and flew, or in its depths were nesting ;  
Shadow and light, in magical alternation,  
Chequered the clear, brown earth ; with flooded light  
Its towering body was bathed, its leaves were bright.  
Here were dead books, drugged souls, here apathy,  
Murmuring chant, and aimless, nerveless word, 20  
Wandering in endless track, about and about—  
But ah, how bright the Tree !  
How good the Life without !

EDWARD THOMPSON

## COUNSELS OF COURAGE

WHEN you would put your back to the wall  
And the wall's an abyss,  
When there's no hope in you at all  
And the feet and hands grope amiss,  
Say, " By some small thing I'll accomplish all things  
And evade this dire tomb ;  
For he that wills it, O everyone that wills it 30  
Can rear fortalice and break doom ! "

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Then plant two fingers low in the soil  
And fling a pebble up in the blue,  
Cut a grass blade for a spear's foil,  
And softly sing a stave or two ;  
Say, " By this small thing I achieve all things  
And free me harried and enslaved ;  
For he that wills it, O everyone that wills it  
Shall assuredly be saved."

Then the Divinity that is Man's high dower,  
Placed deeply within him and round about, 10  
Out of the abyss shall raise an arm'd tower  
And out of the darkness a shout,  
And out of the tower shall send a strong wall  
To flank him thus beset ;  
For him that calls on God with the Will's call  
The sky does not forget.

HERBERT E. PALMER

## EVEREST

TO ALL WHO EXPLORE NEW PATHS

WHAT went you forth to find ?  
What new thing would you know ?  
What secret read in the Mother of Mountain's blind,  
blind eyes ? What learn at her barren bosom of  
snow ? 20

For what new thing should men  
so strive, so agonise ?  
Is there some wonder in the remoteness beyond our  
ken ;  
some beauty ; some wisdom beyond the dream of the  
wise ?

## FURTHER PRAYER

*Nay, not for that we strove,  
nor any new thing found ;  
but this truth, ancient and everlasting, did we prove,  
this beauty, this wisdom, on the high untrodden ground ;*

*that where the safe ways end,  
known and unknown divide,  
God's great uncharted passes upward tend,  
and the spirit of man undaunted is undenied ;  
and beyond the last camp-fire man has Faith for friend,  
and beyond all guidance the courage of God for guide. 10*

HORACE SHIPP

## FURTHER PRAYER

O GIANT Universe of star and sun,  
And World whose sea-searched crust  
Is teased by merchant lust,  
Delved in, built over, road-scarred, fought upon :—  
Help me to make my littleness mine own  
And not pretend that things surmised are known—  
To feel my helplessness as innocence  
And, unashamed as is the ladybird,  
Live in a tiny cage of vivid sense  
And trouble naught for things by distance blurred ; 20  
Crush not in me that virtue of the mind,  
Which undismayed can find  
In very impotence a well of peace  
And be least blind absorbed by what it sees  
Clearest,  
Which, affined unto the soul, familiar is  
And dearest.

T. STURGE MOORE

SAINT JOAN : A MEDITATION AND  
A PRAYER

ALL that is nobly beautiful or true  
Is very simple, simple as a song,  
Like silver lettering on a sky of blue ;  
The disordered, complex thing is often wrong.

When Genius triumphs it does the simple thing ;  
Great Wisdom seeks to say the obvious.  
Thought which ascends is light upon the wing.  
But what are wings ? And what is obvious ?

And yet Heaven's lines are clear, transparent lines,  
The scrolls of God are never nebulous ; 10  
It is the simple deed that glows and shines,  
The simple word that wakes to quicken us.

For Righteousness and Truth are simple things ;  
And who would know them must be simple, too.  
And who'd be greatly wise must get him wings,  
So plain to understand, but hard to do—

Because the Soul of Man is sick of late,  
Complex and scheming, growing old, it seems,  
Too dull for worship, and too mean in hate,  
Too cold to blaze with love or dream great dreams.

Therefore, St. Joan, I lift my heart to thee 21  
Who from o'erflowing hands hast dreams to spill.  
Oh ! gird us with thy white Simplicity ;  
Clothe us with Valour and the eternal Will.

For wast thou not inspired Simplicity !  
In ignorance seeing, and in weakness strong,



## TO HATE

Armed by the Saints and the high Trinity,  
A child in years, yet wiser than Earth's throng !

Give what we lack—thy penetrating eye,  
Thy flame of purpose and clear strength of will,  
Thy fearlessness and contact with the Sky,  
Thy power to ascend the sheer, impossible hill.

Queen ! I invoke thee as the Earth the Sun—  
Christ and Athene in thee reconciled ;  
Immense Simplicity, yet four in one,  
Pure woman, warrior, goddess, and fair child. 10  
HERBERT E. PALMER

## TO HATE

COME, holy Spirit, pentecostal Flame !  
Out of the deep we cry to thee. The shame  
Of feeble virtues, wild complacencies  
Clings to our bodies like a foul disease.  
Eat us as acid cats : burn us with fire,  
Till every timid hope and pale desire,  
All fond ideals, misty dreams that fly  
Beyond the frontiers of reality,  
Crumble to ash and leave us clean as light,  
Essential strength, pure shapes of granite bright 20  
Set up for no man's worship, no man's pleasure,  
But fashioned by the slow, aconian leisure  
Of storms and blowing sands. Of thee is born  
All power, all bravery and the sharp-eyed scorn  
That sees beneath bright gauds to the bare bone  
Of naked Truth's relentless skeleton.  
Save, lest we perish unrepentant, sped  
To our last count without thy lance and shield,  
Unhoused, disappointed, unaneled,  
With all our small perfections on our head. 30  
MARTIN ARMSTRONG

UNANSWERED QUESTION

SHALL you and I leave everything behind,  
Go westward walking,  
Never again be conscious of the mind,  
But walking, talking  
Of flowers and birds and clouds, with no routine,  
Not wonder ever again what consciousness may mean ?

Shall you and I go eastward in grave thought  
And inward prying,  
Be conscious, introspective, haggard, caught  
Sighing and whying ; 10  
With all clear mind and valuable breath  
Expended on cold doubts about eventual death ?

Will you and I, submitting to the wind,  
Go northward roaring ?  
That may be one good way to leave behind  
The too trim harbour mooring :  
Partake some great campaign, some large experience,  
some  
Worthy extensive excuse for returning glorious home.

Can you and I go southward without blame  
Into the region we love, 20  
Fading without desire for famous name,  
Or calculated move ?  
Can we in sunlight, both contentedly,  
Live without ambition, gazing at blue sea ?

HAROLD MONRO

## FRENCH PEASANTS

### FRENCH PEASANTS

THESE going home at dusk  
Along the lane,  
After the day's warm work,  
Do not complain.

Were you to say to them,  
"What does it mean?  
What is it all about,  
This troubled dream?"

They would not understand,  
They'd go their way, 10  
Or, if they spoke at all,  
They'd surely say,

"Dawn is the time to rise,  
Days are to earn  
Bread and the mid-day rest,  
Dusk to return ;

"To be content, to pray.  
To hear songs sung,  
Or to make wayside love,  
If one is young. 20

"All from the good God comes,  
All then is good ;  
Sorrow is known to Him,  
And understood."

One who had questioned all,  
And was not wise,  
Might be ashamed to meet  
Their quiet eyes.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

All is so clear to them,  
All is so plain,  
These who go home at dusk,  
Along the lane.

MONK GIBBON

NOR WALL OF STONE

Nor wall of stone, nor strongest prison bar,  
Can break the beating of my roused will ;  
Nor water quench its fire, nor fire the far-  
Flung warring of its floodly tides distil ;  
Nor any tempest fierce do aught but fan  
Its fiercer blasts that through my being blow ;   10  
But how I thus can hurl me, how thus can  
Be mine own martyr, 'tis not mine to know.

Not all creation's powers can now remove,  
Nor death itself, the proud banner that flies  
Mast nailed, the hard-lashed helm that I approve ;  
Yet ask me wherefore, for what paradise  
I've set me thus, this only I can tell :  
That to swerve but one hair's breadth, this is Hell.

ELIZABETH DARYUSH

ALL OUR JOY IS ENOUGH

ALL we make is enough  
Barely to seem  
A bee's din,  
A beetle-scheme—  
Sleepy stuff  
For God to dream :  
Begin.

20

## TENEMENT

All our joy is enough  
At most to fill  
A thimble cup  
A little wind puff  
Can shake, can spill :  
Fill it up ;  
Be still.

All we know is enough ;  
Though written wide,  
Small spider yet 10  
With tangled stride  
Will soon be off  
The page's side :  
Forget.

GEOFFREY SCOTT

## TENEMENT

ONCE Wonder dwelt here, child-wise and joyous,  
watching  
through the five windows, through the open door ;  
saw all the pageant of life pass by, nor heeded  
the spiders, dim in the cornice, the sharp-toothed  
beetles under the floor.

Once Beauty, and the light through the windows  
blossomed, 19  
gleamed like the rose of the world, like a lotus flower ;  
till the air grew bright as a song, as a rainbow  
springing,  
and even the shadows took fire, pearl-pale in that  
transient hour.

Once Faith moved here, clean browed, with arms  
strong to accomplish,

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

with the world as a field of conquest, and a swift  
sword at his side ;  
went from the threshold glad, but crept back weary  
and broken  
with a rusted sword to his hand. Ah, but Faith died,  
Faith died.

And Cynic Thought stayed on at the fireside,  
mumbling,  
huddled away from the light, grey-garbed in the gloom;  
and all that stirred was the bloated and sated spiders,  
and the busy jaws of the beetles crunching under the  
room.

Deep the coagulate dust darkened the windows ;  
beyond them  
day dawned gold for fulfilment, nights waxed azure for  
peace ;  
here the untenanted silence, save for a sound in the  
wainscot  
of the keen, unheeded spoilers whose travails never  
cease.

Is this the end predestined : this unrecorded decaying,  
these cast-off rags of life, silence and gathering  
gloom ?  
Hush ! For again in the rusted lock comes a key  
turning,  
a footstep sounds, light gleams, and the door opens—  
for Whom ?

HORACE SIMP

## MAN

HE walks the world with mountains in his breast,  
And holds the hiltless wind in vassalage.  
Transtellar spaces are his fields of quest,  
Eternity his spirit's ambassador.

## THE UNCOMMON MAN

The uncared acre of the firmaments  
Under his hungry harrow, yields increase.  
While, from the threshold of dim continents  
They beckon him, who bear the stars in lease.

And yet is he a thane of foreigners,  
On sapphire throned, but in an unkinged house,  
Arrased with honours, broidered in gold sheen—  
A palace in a town of sepulchres.  
Voices he hears, but knows not what they mean,  
His own to him the most mysterious. 10

F. V. BRANFORD

## THE UNCOMMON MAN

THE feathers in a fan  
are not so frail as man ;  
the green embossèd leaf  
than man is no more brief.  
His life is not so loud  
as the passing of a cloud ;  
his death is quieter  
than harebells, when they stir.  
The years that have no form  
and substance are as warm, 20  
and space has hardly less  
supreme an emptiness.  
And yet man being frail  
does on himself prevail,  
and with a single thought  
can bring the world to naught,  
as being brief he still  
bends to his fleeting will  
all time, and makes of it  
the shadow of his wit. 30  
Soundless in life and death  
although he vanisheth,

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

the echo of a song  
makes all the stars a gong.  
Cold, void, and yet the grim  
darkness is hot with him,  
and space is but the span  
of the long love of man.

HUMBERT WOLFE

### THE CAGE

MAN, afraid to be alive,  
Shut his soul in senses five,  
From fields of uncreated light  
Into the crystal tower of sight,                    10  
And from the roaring winds of space  
Into the small flesh-carven place  
Of the ear whose cave impounds  
Only small and broken sounds ;  
And to this narrow sense of touch  
From strength that held the stars in clutch ;  
And from the warm ambrosial spice  
Of flowers and fruits of Paradise  
To the frail and fitful power  
Of tongue's and nostrils' sweet and sour.        20  
And toiling for a sordid wage  
There in his self-created cage,  
Ah, how safely barred is he  
From menace of eternity.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

### THE HURRIER

O FURROWED plaintive face,  
No time for peace ?  
Indeed, keep your appointment.  
Our great clock



## THE SILVER BRIDE

Ticks in your spine, and locomotion wags  
An angry tail.  
Let toiling trailing tramway drive the point.  
Hurry, or you are lost—Everywhere  
Hunger may lurk and leer.  
You may have been elected among so many  
To be his prey.  
With horned imagination, drive your limbs.  
O, it will need your whole life to be at peace.  
Too many bland appointments intervene. 10  
You have no time for death  
And yet no time to hold your living breath.

HAROLD MONRO

## SWIFT THOUGHT AND SLOW THOUGHT

Out of the field two hoers raise  
Their heads to watch the express go past,  
And swift think I :  
How stablished and secure their days,  
But mine flit by too fast.

The lolling vapour thins away,  
The air is sweet and silent again,  
And they think slow : 20  
Ah, to what happiness speed they,  
The folk who go by train !

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

## THE SILVER BRIDE

THE Silver Bride, the Silver Bride,  
I saw her standing at my side,  
The moon fled pallid and dismayed,  
The star hosts scattered disarrayed,

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

The wind stood hesitant and dumb,  
And dared not go and dared not come.  
No creak of wood, no scuttling mouse  
Made friendly clamour in the house.  
All stilled, all tranced, all deathly was,  
And through that form as through a glass  
Familiar shapes shone strange and clear.  
My heart grew cold with coiling fear,  
"Why do you ask me, Silver Bride?"  
I moaned, and calmly she replied, 10  
"*I am your thought made manifest,*  
*Possessing me you are possessed,*  
For you are he whose stinging scorn  
Struck every man of woman born,  
Broke every link twixt heaven and earth,  
These things you said were nothing worth,  
And bent your spirit to adore  
Your brain and all its garnered store.  
*I am that brain made manifest,*  
*Possessing me you are possessed.* 20  
Link hands, link hands, stoop down and press  
My loving lips in long caress.  
What! You grow cold, you tremble so,  
You would go free? You shall not go."  
"O God," I screamed in terror drowned,  
"Unlock this house in slumber bound,  
One little, common, kindly sound  
Grant me to hear for Jesu's grace,  
Let me but see one human face  
Peer through the window." "Silence!" cried  
With splintering mirth the Silver Bride, 31  
"Not Christ himself, nor any man  
Your charmed circle enter can,  
For you have cut the human chain  
To kneel in worship to your brain.  
*I am that brain made manifest,*  
*Possessing me you are possessed.*

## THE FUTURE IS NOT FOR US

Lean close, lean closer to my breast."  
And I shall never put aside  
The Silver Bride.

PHYLLIS MÉGROZ

## THE FUTURE IS NOT FOR US

THE future is not for us, though we can set up  
Our barriers, rest in our dead-embered  
Sphere, till we come to pause over our last loving-cup  
With death. We are dismembered  
Into a myriad broken shadows,  
Each to himself reflected in a splinter of that glass  
Which we once knew as cosmos, and the close 10  
Of our long progress is hinted by the crass  
Fogs creeping slow and darkly  
From out the middle west. We can humanize,  
We can build new temples for the body,  
Set our intellect to tilt against the spies  
Of fortune, call this Chance or that Fate,  
Estimate the logical worth of "it may depend . . .",  
But we know that we are at the gate  
Leading out of the path  
Which was to be an Amen having neither beginning  
nor end. 20

It was said, "Take no thought for the morrow";  
Better, truly, to take no thought of to-day,  
For we are bankrupt indeed if we cannot borrow  
At least an expectation of future pay.  
Remains then but to seize  
Each one alone, his smoky taper  
And climb the stairs, knowing each step in the rear  
Has crumpled beneath like tissue paper,  
Disclosing the blue-black inkblot  
Of vacuity beneath our sinking knees; 30

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Then to set our fingers on the latch with the hope or  
fear

That within there lies the Is or Is Not.

RONALD BOTTRALL

FROM SCARS WHERE KESTRELS HOVER

FROM scars where kestrels hover,  
The leader looking over  
Into the happy valley,  
Orchard and curving river,  
May turn away to see  
The slow fastidious line  
That disciplines the fell,  
Hear curlew's creaking call 10  
From angles unforeseen,  
The drumming of a snipe  
Surprise where driven sleet  
Had scalded to the bone  
And streams are acrid yet  
To an unaccustomed lip.  
The tall unwounded leader  
Of doomed companions, all  
Whose voices in the rock  
Are now perpetual, 20  
Fighters for no one's sake,  
Who died beyond the border.

Heroes are buried who  
Did not believe in death  
And bravery is now  
Not in the dying breath  
But resisting the temptations  
To skyline operations.

## THE HOLLOW MEN

Yet glory is not new ;  
The summer visitors  
Still come from far and wide,  
Choosing their spots to view  
The prize competitors,  
Each thinking that he will  
Find heroes in the wood,  
Far from the capital

Where lights and wine are set  
For supper by the lake, 10  
But leaders must migrate :  
“ Leave for Cape Wrath to-night,”  
And the host after waiting  
Must quench the lamps and pass  
Alive into the house.

W. H. AUDEN

## THE HOLLOW MEN

“ *Mistah Kurtz—he dead.*”

*A Penny for the Old Guy.*

### I

WE are the hollow men  
We are the stuffed men  
Leaning together  
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas !  
Our dried voices, when 20  
We whisper together  
Are quiet and meaningless  
As wind in dried grass  
Or rats' feet over broken glass  
In our dry cellar.

Shape without form, shade without colour,  
Paralysed force, gesture without motion ;

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Those who have crossed  
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom  
Remember us—if at all—not as lost  
Violent souls, but only  
As the hollow men  
The stuffed men.

II

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams  
In death's dream kingdom  
These do not appear :  
There, the eyes are 10  
Sunlight on a broken column  
There, is a tree swinging  
And voices are  
In the wind's singing  
More distant and more solemn  
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer  
In death's dream kingdom  
Let me also wear  
Such deliberate disguises 20  
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves  
In a field  
Behaving as the wind behaves  
No nearer—

Not that final meeting  
In the twilight kingdom.

III

This is the dead land  
This is cactus land  
Here the stone images  
Are raised, here they receive 30  
The supplication of a dead man's hand  
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

## THE HOLLOW MEN

Is it like this  
In death's other kingdom  
Waking alone  
At the hour when we are  
Trembling with tenderness  
Lips that would kiss  
Form prayers to broken stone.

### IV

The eyes are not here  
There are no eyes here  
In this valley of dying stars 10  
In this hollow valley  
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms.

In this last of meeting places  
We grope together  
And avoid speech  
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river.

Sightless, unless  
The eyes reappear  
As the perpetual star  
Multifoliate rose 20  
Of death's twilight kingdom  
The hope only  
Of empty men.

### V

*Here we go round the prickly pear  
Prickly pear prickly pear  
Here we go round the prickly pear  
At five o'clock in the morning.*

Between the idea  
And the reality  
Between the motion 30

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

And the act  
Falls the Shadow  
*For Thine is the Kingdom*

Between the conception  
And the creation  
Between the emotion  
And the response  
Falls the Shadow  
*Life is very long*

Between the desire 10  
And the spasm  
Between the potency  
And the existence  
Between the essence  
And the descent  
Falls the Shadow  
*For Thine is the Kingdom*

For Thine is  
Life is  
For Thine is the 20

*This is the way the world ends*  
*This is the way the world ends*  
*This is the way the world ends*  
*Not with a bang but a whimper.*  
T. S. ELIOT

IN ME PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE MEET.

In me past, present, future meet  
To hold long-chiding conference.  
My lusts usurp the present tense  
And strangle Reason in his seat.



## ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY

My loves leap through the future's fence  
To dance with dream-enfranchised feet.

In me the cave-man clasps the seer,  
And garlanded Apollo goes  
Chanting to Abraham's deaf ear.  
In me the tiger sniffs the rose.

Look in my heart, kind friends, and tremble,  
Since there your elements assemble.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

## ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY

I AM, they say, a darkling pool  
Where huge and cunning lurks a fool 10  
Childish and monstrous, untaught of time,  
Still wallowing in primeval slime.  
All powerful he with fang and claw  
To fill his red capacious maw,  
And not a thousand thousand years  
Have eased his belly, stilled his fears.  
But ever with dim consuming fire  
Swirl the slow eddies of desire  
About his sprawling limbs, and lull 20  
The torments of his brutish skull.  
He is most merciless, lone, and proud,  
There in the scaly darkness bow'd,  
And sleeps, and eats, and lusts, and cries,  
And never lives, and never dies.

Nay, but above this stagnant night  
The lovely highways of the light  
Sweep on with winds and dawning flowers  
And stoop to touch its midnight hours.  
If I am he, I'm also one  
With all that's brave beneath the sun, 30

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

With lovers' singing, and tall great trees,  
And the white glory of morning seas,  
What of this silence, so there stay  
Child's laughter to the end of day?  
And what of dark, if on the hill  
Eve is a burning opal still?

BARRINGTON GATES

IN HIS OWN IMAGE

If reason be discarded I can imagine  
Divine words in the wind, and finger-prints  
Of an omnipotent spirit in creation,  
Nor all condemn that thought 10  
Which points in nature to the God of nature.  
But I am baffled when I view  
What God created in His own image.  
I cannot reconcile the hand  
Which guides the wind, or the voice that speaks in  
thunder  
With Mr. So-and-So, or Mrs. Blank :  
For when I survey my neighbours I discover  
More evidence of the fall than the redemption,—  
Jealous acts, and lean charity  
Which gives not but for gain, 20  
And malice which the laws  
Alone restrain to verbal violence.

Then my unuttered humbleness  
Points to the seed and sometimes fruit  
Of those offences in myself,  
While silent pride reveals  
A glimmer of divine light in my soul.

May there not latent lie  
Seeds of divinity, curled shoots of grace

Which growths of difficult life check? Often a brier  
Rises from roots of the neglected rose.

## EPITAPH

Their most precious love who strowed  
To be trampled by the crowd ;  
Freely broached their hearts' red blood  
To dye the garments of the proud ;

Paid the price they never owed ;  
Prayed to gods who claim no prayer ;  
Climbed the high encumbered road  
Never asking why or where.

# ALL SAINTS

In no great calendar of saintly fames  
Are registered their names—20  
They are forgotten in the scripts of man ;  
And yet they also ran  
The race, in some swift moment of assent  
To life's supreme intent.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

They grasped the miracle of sacrifice,  
Paying its instant price.  
Their passing was red-lettered with their blood,  
Stricken in field or flood ;  
Or haply in some private path unknown  
They gave and won their own.

To these—to all who in unnoted ways  
For single hours or days  
Have reached the stature that is man's divine—  
We raise a nameless shrine, 10  
And leave there in untarnishable gold  
The record manifold  
Of those who won a brief or lifelong fight,  
Passing into the night  
With no unmanly fears or selfish plaints—  
The comrades of All Saints.

ARTHUR L. SALMON

DEDICATION

(TO MARY CAMPBELL)

WHEN in dead lands where men like brutish herds  
Rush to and fro by aimless frenzies borne,  
Firing a golden fusillade of words,  
Lashing his laughter like a knotted scourge, 20  
A poet of his own disdain is born  
And dares among the rabble to emerge—

His humble kindred sicken to behold  
This monstrous changeling whom they schooled in  
vain,  
Who brings no increase to their hoard of gold,  
Who lives by sterner laws than they have known  
And worships, even where their idols reign,  
A god superbly stronger than their own.

## DEDICATION

Accursèd in the temples of the Pagan  
His evil fame is borne on every wind :  
His name is thundered by the priests of Dagon,  
And all Philistia whispers with the plot  
To shear his sleeping head, his eyes to blind,  
And chain his ankle to a trundling shot ;

For That which o'er their cities far-espied  
Decreed his spirit like a torch to shine  
Has fired him with the peacock's flaunting pride  
Who still would fan his embers to a blaze 10  
Though it were but to startle grunting swine  
Or herds of sleepy cattle to amaze.

Insulting their dull sense with gorgeous dyes,  
The matador of truth, he trails his scorn  
Before their lowered horns and bloodshot eyes—  
For never can their stubborn necks be tamed  
Until they know how laughter must be borne  
And learn to look on beauty unashamed.

Even this were victory, though by his foes  
On every side with plunging hoofs beset, 20  
Reeling at last beneath their leaden blows,  
Behind some heap of filth he should be flung  
Whereon the spider spreads his dusty net  
And the cold viper hatches out her young.

But when the Muse or some as lovely sprite,  
Friend, lover, wife, in such a form as thine,  
Thrilling a mortal frame with half her light  
And choosing for her guise such eyes and hair  
As scarcely veil the subterfuge divine,  
Descends with him his lonely fight to share— 30

He knows his gods have watched him from afar,  
And he may take her beauty for a sign

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

That victory attends him as a star,  
Shaped like a Valkyrie for his delight  
In lovely changes through the day to shine  
And be the glory of the long blue night.

When my spent heart had drummed its own retreat,  
You rallied the red squadron of my dreams,  
Turning the crimson rout of their defeat  
Into a white assault of seraphim  
Invincibly arrayed with flashing beams  
Against a night of spectres foul and grim. 10

Sweet sister, through all earthly treasons true,  
My life has been the enemy of slumber :  
Bleak are the waves that lash it, but for you  
And your clear faith, I am a locked lagoon  
That circles with its jagged reef of thunder  
The calm blue mirror of the stars and moon.

ROY CAMPBELL

## THE TRAVELLER

WHEN you come back, and hold your eyes for me  
Steady as water-mirrored stars at dusk,  
Let the first clear look shine, and I shall see  
Confirmed your ways in travel, nor need to ask. 20  
There will be shadowed grief, but bright desires  
Make glow-worms in the darkness of that green,  
Pointing you on to snowy, alpine fires  
That burn where the world ends, where the skies  
begin ;  
Dear, shuttered houses in a cobbled square  
Tossing thin candlelight against the moon,  
A falling distance, music on the air  
Of late trees rustling their autumnal tune ;  
And you will know, the tired journey done,  
That two went travelling in the shape of one. 30

VIOLA G. GARVIN

## ELIZABETH'S SONG

### CADENCE

SEE the lightning  
Leaping in the sky  
How fleet he goes :

See the rose  
Leaping to the eye  
How neat she blows :

See the mother  
Running to her child  
How sweet she goes !

JAMES STEPHENS

## ELIZABETH'S SONG

SHINING white clouds in the cherry trees tangled, 10  
And over the orchard snowing ;  
Silver wild cherries on the hill-side spangled,  
And bright among bronze oaks blowing :  
So white, so bright, so fragrantly  
Heart's delight blossoms in me.

Swallows come back to their endless careering  
In love and in finest feather ;  
Swerving down, close to the cowslips nearing,  
Then high in the golden weather :  
In air so bright, with such a flight, 20  
Dances on wings my heart's delight.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

## THE TWO WATCHERS

THE south air swings the cowslips  
Over the autumn floor ;  
An apple from the bough slips  
Ripe-russet to the core.  
Across the yellow dazzle, like a white drifting feather,  
I watch my white love wander, the fallen fruit to  
gather.

I watch my white love looting  
Quietly, the season's sweet.  
And a blackbird watches, fluting  
With each lithe stoop for beat. 10  
Over the yellow dazzle his measure thrills loud-  
throated :  
Hushed, in my heart's deep, thrills a wonder golden-  
noted.

THOMAS MOULT

## SONG FROM "LAKE WINTER "

I HAVE no strange or subtle thought,  
And the old things are best,  
In curious tongues I am untaught,  
Yet I know rest.

I know the sifting oakleaves still  
Upon a twilit sky,  
I hear the fernowl on the hill  
Go wheeling by. 20

I know my flocks and how they keep  
Their tunes of field and fold,  
My scholarship can sow and reap,  
From green to gold.



## SILVER AND GOLD

The circled stars from down to sea  
I reckon as my gains,  
The swallows are as dear to me  
As loaded wains.

Yet these were ghosts and fugitive,  
Until upon your step they came  
By revelation's lip to live  
In your dear name.

I saw you walking as dusk fell,  
And leaves and wains and heaven and birds to  
Were miracles my blood may tell,  
And not my words.

JOHN DRINKWATER

## SILVER AND GOLD

HAMMER the gold and silver into steel :  
I have another metal that rings clear  
To mind ; the coining air knows, and I know,  
That harp, thrown high, will turn a lucky head  
And they that love once never have been loved.  
She glittered in me as the twilight star  
That like a patient crane haunts one bright pool  
When sedge is bare. Now that we are awake, 20  
Come with me, golden head, for every wood  
Thickens again and the first callow light  
Flutters around the hedges ; we shall hear  
The birds begin as sweetly as the chinking  
Of few pence in my pocket. When the tides  
Of sun are full and the salmon come up from  
The south, Love, we shall hurry where the waves  
Carry the heavy light into the shore  
And see the marrying wings, for all the day

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

They are more silver than the lifting oar,  
But in the evening they are gold again.

AUSTIN CLARKE

SONNET

WHERE, in the labyrinth of all my days,  
I met you and I loved you, is forgot.  
There seems to me no time when you were not ;  
No road which separates you from my ways.  
No cup I drink in which you may not share,  
No shelter where I build you may not creep  
From the cold wind : no house wherein I sleep  
That is not empty if you are not there. 10

You are the thorn of cactus in my thought,  
You are the leaven in my bread of days,  
You are the tameless tangle of my lot.  
Though I have loved you, loathed you, chid you,  
sought  
You and condemned you : what is blame or praise ?  
There seems to me no joy where you are not.  
EVEREST LEWIN

MOZARTIAN AIR

Your name to know I cared not  
Until I heard you speak,  
And when I knew I dared not  
Save in silence say it over, 20  
Musing like a lover  
On a sweet Mozartian air.

'Twas when I heard you speaking,  
Yes, then, I knew I cared ;  
Your voice the silence breaking

### FOR HER BIRTHDAY

Like a sweet Mozartian air  
Woke echoes everywhere,  
Quickened music on my tongue.

Like a Mozartian sweetness,  
Gay and melancholy,  
Subtle, yet deceitless.  
That other music's voice I heard not,  
Other echoes stirred not,  
All was echo of your note.

Not to me you spoke then, 10  
'Twas I that overheard.  
But O the sweetness woke then !  
As when a loved Mozartian air  
Falling on midnight's care  
Bids youth and childhood back again.  
JOHN FREEMAN

### FOR HER BIRTHDAY

If I could leave my station to run backward  
And forage in the attic shops of Time,  
Buy a forgotten century for sixpence,  
Or blow Catullus' dust into a rhyme :

If that clear faith which built the Parthenon 20  
Lay ponderable there for theft or sale :  
Could the nine perfumes of the Hanging Gardens  
Have swooned for ever in a silken bale :

If I could fee for you the Age of Reason,  
Or hang the Spacious Days about your bed :  
Chip from the Icy Ages one pure jewel  
To swim and part the waves upon your head :

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

I'd fill my arms—then drop the silly load :  
What need to bind Renascence on a brow  
Where all Time's graces ride in constellation,  
And every Age consents in lovelier Now ?  
L. A. G. STRONG

TO A LADY BEGINNING TO LEARN  
GREEK

DARK Delphi and the cold Caucasian rock,  
Aulis and Tauris and the Scythian shore,  
And those dim caves where Proteus herds his flock  
May greet you as a shining visitor :  
Not there your home, but where by bluer seas  
Have waited for your presence, centuries long, 10  
The little lovely lyric Cyclades,  
The sunny archipelagoes of song.

Hellas will cling about you like a cloud,  
While all your world your wandering heart forgets  
In simple shrines where simple folk have vowed  
The Cyprian's girdles and Poseidon's nets :  
Meleager's jonquils at your breast you'll wear,  
Athens's violets braided in your hair.

SIR JOHN SQUIRE

THE SLEEPER

SHE lies so still, her only motion  
The waves of hair that round her sweep 20  
Revolving to their hushed explosion  
Of fragrance on the shores of sleep.  
Is it my spirit or her flesh  
That takes this breathless, silver swoon ?

## THE LOVER BIDS HIS HEART BE ABSENT

Sleep has no darkness to enmesh  
That lonely rival of the moon,  
Her beauty, vigilant and white,  
That wakful through the long blue night,  
Watches, with my own sleepless eyes,  
The darkness silver into day,  
And through their sockets burns away  
The sorrows that have made them wise.

ROY CAMPBELL

## CASCADE

Her hair was like a waterfall that fell  
In heavy lucid coils upon the air 10  
Lustrous like solid sunlight was her hair  
Pouring curls down from head of rocky dell,  
It made no sound but shook like muffled bell  
The noiseless air. O harmony, O fair  
Sound-ravishing stillness, an enchanted Pair  
Flower twined on quiet, silence's syllable.  
That clangour fell upon the smooth dark stone  
Used by Egyptian sculptors, immobile, fine  
As any worn by water, kept her eyes closed  
Like a shut flower hearing the pale moon's tune—  
Life-likeness faint as on an old worn coin 21  
Whose matrix trees in drooping masses dozed.

W. J. TURNER

## THE LOVER BIDS HIS HEART BE ABSENT

BECAUSE I love her,  
The sky is dark above her.  
Because I find her fair,  
There is a menace in the very air.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

A single leaf of the tree  
Is not more frail than she,  
Whose every breath  
Draws her, because I love her, nearer death.  
So, heart, absent you from me now, that I,  
Lest the beloved die,  
May feign I do not love her.

GERALD BULLETT

LOVE'S FRAGILITY

HARD above all things mortal is  
To sacrifice our love's return :  
We shudder and are bare of bliss 10  
And our hearts mourn.

For love is lighter than men say ;  
None has been known as light as he.  
His whole profundity is play,  
Pleasant to see.

He's born in the unspoken word  
Or the quick intercourse of eyes.  
A touch, and all his power is stirred ;  
He sings, he flies.

He veers and trembles at a breath, 20  
As mutable as thistle-down.  
He faints, and he is sick to death  
For a mere frown.

Some bring report of other lands  
Where love's fragility is strong.  
They compass him with iron bands ;  
He suffers long.

## AN OLD SNATCH DREAMED OVER

They cast him in a dungeon-keep ;  
He digs and burrows like a mole ;  
For forty days denying sleep,  
Yet issues whole.

I well believe that love is strong  
To bear the heaviest dint of doom ;  
Confronts the tempest with a song ;  
Conquers the tomb.

I well believe that love is firm  
When love is fostered between two :      10  
Mortality can set no term  
If both be true.

But oh, how weak the love of one  
If counterchange of love's forbad ;  
If love is plaintive and alone  
And poor and sad.

The mouth is filled with bitterness ;  
The echoing air is cold with scorn.  
We shudder and are bare of bliss  
And our hearts mourn.      20

ALAN PORTER

## AN OLD SNATCH DREAMED OVER

THERE dwelt a man in Babylon,  
Lady, lady,<sup>1</sup>  
Was famed for cruel grace of speech ;  
Such eyes did for his heart beseech,  
Whene'er he deigned to woo he won,  
Lady !

<sup>1</sup> The first two lines are sung by SIR TOBY BELCH in *Twelfth Night*.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

That man the talk of Babylon,  
Lady, lady,  
Has left the town . . . lo ! o'er thy cheek  
Truth spreads ; e'en so his blush could speak  
Response as clear as rising sun,  
Lady . . . ?

Red dawn ! and ah ! a drenching day  
Will drown us, might drown Babylon !  
Lady, poor lady !  
The rose he stooped o'er pines away ;                    10  
With yon bullfinch her perfume's gone !  
Lady, poor lady !

T. STURGE MOORE

WILL YOU REMEMBER . . . ?

WHEN I have turned to death's more chill embrace,  
Braving the coldest kisses of decay,  
Will you remember that you held my face  
Breathing love-life into poor mortal clay ?

Will you remember how I loved you then ?—  
Earth being hallowed wheresoe'er you trod ;  
Life being that eternal moment when  
We kist for all time, finding Love as God . . .    20

Yes. I believe, unclouded in your mind  
The memory of our past love will remain :  
Whilst I, poor dreamer, never shall I find  
Such lips as yours again.

JOHN GAWSWORTH



## TO PHYLLIS

### ENVOI

THE catkin from the hazel swung  
When you and I and March were young.

The flute-notes dripped from liquid May  
Through silver night and golden day.

The harvest moon rose round and red  
When habit came and wonder fled.

October rusted into gold  
When you and I and love grew old.

Snow lay on hedgerows of December  
Then, when we could no more remember. 10

But the green flush was on the larch  
When other loves we found in March.

VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST

## TO PHYLLIS

OTHERS will come who have more to offer,  
Rank and fashion and well-filled purses,  
I have only a book to proffer,  
Filled with my jingling, cynical verses.

Others will woo you with power and passion,  
Plead with tears and invoke with curses,  
I must woo in a foolish fashion,  
Mumbling my jingling, cynical verses. 20

Weak am I as a ship-wrecked rover,  
You have charms that are strong as Circe's :  
What will you do with your poor lost lover  
Stammering jingling, cynical verses ?

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Yours the succour I look for only,  
Yours the heart and the tender mercies.  
Ah ! do not send me back to my lonely  
Pitiful, jingling, cynical verses !

COLIN D. B. ELLIS

QUARREL IN OLD AGE

WHERE had her sweetness gone ?  
What fanatics invent  
In this blind bitter town,  
Fantasy or incident  
Not worth thinking of,  
Put her in a rage.  
I had forgiven enough  
That had forgiven old age.

10

All lives that has lived ;  
So much is certain ;  
Old sages were not deceived ;  
Somewhere beyond the curtain  
Of distorting days  
Lives that lonely thing  
That shone before these eyes  
Targeted, trod like Spring.

20

W. B. YEATS

THE HARES

I

IMMOBILE, but fearless,  
With peace in her eyes,  
The shy hare of friendship  
Scarce a yard from him lies.

## THE DEATH OF THE HARE

He has stretched a swift hand  
To caress the free head.  
The shy hare that was friendship  
To the covert has sped.

### II

The wild hare of love  
Is alert at his feet.  
Oh, the fierce quivering heart !  
Oh, the heart's fierce beat !

He has tightened his noose.  
It was fine as a thread ; 10  
But the wild hare that was love  
At his feet lies dead.

SUSAN MILES

## THE DEATH OF THE HARE

I HAVE pointed out the yelling pack,  
The hare leap to the wood,  
And when I pass a compliment  
Rejoice as lover should  
At the drooping of an eye  
At the mantling of the blood.

Then suddenly my heart is wrung  
By her distracted air 20  
And I remember wildness lost  
And after, swept from there,  
Am set down standing in the wood  
At the death of the hare.

W. B. YEATS

BLIZZARD

(AN EMOTION OF DEPRESSION)

Do you remember,  
Ethel,  
Our stone house in December  
At the moor's edge  
Near the high fell ?  
And the snow,  
And the wind  
Pinned  
To the snow ?  
How it would rave  
'Neath the architrave  
Of white clouds  
Stretched on hill and fell !

10

You are dead,  
Ethel,  
Slid to Heaven or Hell.  
But do you remember ?

Stooping low  
To the ash red  
Of burnt logs,  
Snug from the cold,  
We said to the ember,  
" Wolves' eyes in the wind  
And the wild snow  
The wind flogs."

20

It is all snow now,  
Ethel,  
Snow ! Snow !  
Not a bluebell.

## THE SOLITARY

Cold, cold  
Where the buds swell.

Cat-o'-nine-tails  
In the spring gales ;  
Wolves' eyes  
Where the bird flies ;  
A hoar moon  
On May and June.

It is all snow now.

HERBERT E. PALMER

## THE SOLITARY

THIS was her grief, that when the moon was full, 10  
And earth lay drowned far down in beauty's pool,  
She only, through that laving loveliness,  
Of all earth's creatures went companionless.  
Oh, all the earth was busy and astir  
With secret wooings recking not of her !  
There every other in a warm content  
Bright-eyed and silken-coated courting went.  
Rabbit and stoat, weasel and fox and hare  
Had the wide world for bridal bed and lair—  
Ah not for her the silver grass, the grove 20  
Bordered with shadow like the robe of love.

This was her grief, none stood with her to see  
The moonlit apples rounded in the tree,  
The stacks and stubble misted in a swoon  
Of molten gold beneath the compelling moon ;  
That while the willow leaves caressed her hair  
None stood with her the caverned dark to share,  
While the leaves whispered softly leaf to leaf  
Of lip pressed close to lip. This was her grief.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

And ah, she cried, That I must live alone—  
The song unsung, the blank uncarven stone,  
The jewel lost forever in the well,  
News that the runner, dying, did not tell.  
I am a plough whose share is red with rust,  
I am a harp whose gold is grey with dust,  
I am a wisdom that no man will heed,  
I am a garden that no hand will weed,  
I am a ruined house, a disused way,  
Silence, forgetfulness and dull decay— 10  
Ah, what false steward took and set aside  
This talent from love's treasury? she cried.  
SYLVIA LYND

AGE AND YOUTH'

THE music's dull—I trust my Ears ;  
The day is cold—I blame no Blood ;  
The air has mist—I trust my Eyes ;  
My bread is stale—my Teeth hold good ;  
My bed is hard—I blame no Bones ;  
My drink is sour—I trust my Tongue.  
Ears, Blood and Eyes ; Teeth, Tongue and Bones—  
Tell me what's wrong, 20  
And speak the truth.  
“ *It's strange, Old Man, but no complaint  
Has come from Youth.*”

W. H. DAVIES

DEATH

Nor dread nor hope attend  
A dying animal ;  
A man awaits his end  
Dreading and hoping all ;

### NON DOLET

Many times he died,  
Many times rose again.  
A great man in his pride  
Confronting murderous men  
Casts derision upon  
Supersession of breath ;  
He knows death to the bone—  
Man has created death.

W. B. YEATS

### THE END OF EVERYTHING

THE child is tired of all his toys—  
The music-box with tingling noise 10  
That only has one tune to play :  
Tired of his dolls grotesque and gay  
That sleep and walk, and eat and dream—  
How strangely real the puppets seem.  
His spinning balls flung left and right  
Lie at his feet, their colours bright  
Already dim with clouding dust ;  
In careless ruin on the floor  
His dear kaleidoscope is thrust  
From whose dark depths he'll shake no more  
New stars to dazzle wondering eyes.— 21  
“ I'm sick of all my toys,” he cries  
And kicks them in his quivering rage,  
Till Nurse, bent like a hoop with age,  
Packs toys and infant in her box,  
Shuts down the lid and clicks the locks.

PHYLLIS MÉGROZ

### NON DOLET

Our friends go with us as we go  
Down the long path where Beauty wends,

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Where all we love foregathers, so  
Why should we fear to join our friends ?

Who would survive them to outlast  
His children ; to outwear his fame—  
Left when the Triumph has gone past—  
To win from Age not Time a name ?

Then do not shudder at the knife  
That Death's indifferent hand drives home ;  
But with the Strivers leave the Strife,  
Nor, after Cæsar, skulk in Rome. 10  
OLIVER GOGARTY

THE BURIED CHILD

He is not dead nor liveth  
The little child in the grave,  
And men have known forever  
That he walketh again ;  
They hear him November evenings,  
When acorns fall with the rain.

Deep in the hearts of men  
Within his tomb he lieth,  
And when the heart is desolate,  
He desolate sigheth. 20

Teach me then the heart of the dead child,  
Who, holding a tulip, goeth  
Up the stairs in his little grave-shift,  
Sitting down in his little chair  
By his biscuit and orange,  
In the nursery he knoweth.



## THE DIFFERENCE

Teach me all that the child who knew life  
And the quiet of death,  
To the croon of the cradle-song  
By his brother's crib  
In the deeps of the nursery dusk  
To his mother saith.

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

## REVENANT

"It is cold in the room . . . lamp's out, the moon is late.

Something cried out just now as in great fear . . .  
Ghost that I loved, what brings you suddenly near ? "

"*You said you would come to me if I would wait . . .*" 10

"But you died long ago, poor foolish dear !

And dead and living cannot mix or meet,

You to the dark, and I to love must go . . ."

"*Last night, but not to-night . . .*" "What can you do

To hinder me from one who is as sweet

As you were once ? You're dead ! " "*But you're dead, too.*"

MURIEL STUART

## THE DIFFERENCE

I WALK among the daisies, as of old ;

But he comes never more by lane or fold.

The same warm speedwell-field is dark with dew ;

But he's away beyond a deeper blue. 20

A year to-day we saw the same flowers grow—

Last May ! Last May ! A century ago.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Above the speedwell leans the rosy tree  
From which he plucked an apple bough for me.  
Not all the blossom on the branches left  
Can fill the place of that sweet bough bereft ;  
And none can fill the heart that loved him so  
Last May ! Last May ! Eternities ago.

MARY WEBB

THIS YEAR I SHALL LOVE THE RAIN.

THIS year I shall love the rain,  
And the dark leaves underfoot,  
And the rose tree stripped to its root,  
And the wind on my window pane. 10

Because love is gone at length,  
I shall love the desolate winter,  
The frost's unyielding splinter,  
And the long night's terrible strength.

MARY MORISON WEBSTER

THE WATERGAW

AE weet forenicht<sup>1</sup> i' the yow-trummle<sup>2</sup>  
I saw yon antrin<sup>3</sup> thing,  
A watergaw<sup>4</sup> wi' its chitterin'<sup>5</sup> licht  
Ayont<sup>6</sup> the on-ding ;<sup>7</sup>  
An' I thocht o' the last wild look ye gied  
Afore ye deed ! 20

<sup>1</sup> the interval between twilight and bed-time

<sup>2</sup> ewe-tremble, the cold weather that often comes in July,  
just when the sheep are sheared.

<sup>3</sup> rare

<sup>4</sup> indistinct rainbow

<sup>5</sup> shivering

<sup>6</sup> beyond

<sup>7</sup> down-pour

## FATHER AND SON

There was nae reek i' the laverock's hoose<sup>1</sup>  
That nicht—an' nane i' mine ;  
But I hae thocht o' that foolish licht  
Ever sin' syne ;<sup>2</sup>  
An' I think that mebbe at last I ken  
What your look meant then.

HUGH MACDIARMID

<sup>1</sup> it was a dark and stormy night (reek=smoke)  
<sup>2</sup> afterwards

## FATHER AND SON

ONLY last week, walking the hushed fields  
Of our most lovely Meath, now thinned by November,  
I came to where the road from Laracor leads  
To the Boyne river—that seemed more lake than river,  
Stretched in uneasy light and stript of reeds. 11

And walking longside an old weir  
Of my people's, where nothing stirs—only the  
shadowed  
Leaden flight of a heron up the lean air—  
I went unmanly with grief, knowing how my father,  
Happy though captive in years, walked last with me  
there.

Yes, happy in Meath with me for a day  
He walked, taking stock of herds hid in their own  
breathing ;  
And naming colts, gusty as wind, once steered by his  
hand  
Lightnings winked in the eyes that were half shy in  
greeting 20  
Old friends—the wild blades, when he gallivanted the  
land.

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

For that proud, wayward man now my heart breaks—  
Breaks for that man whose mind was a secret eyrie,  
Whose kind hand was sole signet of his race,  
Who curbed me, scorned my green ways, yet  
    increasingly loved me  
Till Death drew its grey blind down his face.

And yet I am pleased that even my reckless ways  
Are living shades of his rich calms and passions—  
Witnesses for him and for those faint namesakes  
With whom now he is one, under yew branches,  
Yes, one in a graven silence no bird breaks. 10  
F. R. HIGGINS

### FARMER'S DEATH

KE-UK, ke-uk, ke-uk, ki-kwaik,  
The broon hens keckle and bouk,<sup>1</sup>  
And sync wi' their yalla beaks  
For the reid worms houk.<sup>2</sup>

The muckle white pig at the tail  
O' the midden slotters<sup>3</sup> and slomps,<sup>4</sup>  
But the auld ferm hoose is lown<sup>5</sup>  
And wae<sup>6</sup> as a corpse.

The hens' een glitter like gless  
As the worms gang twirlin' in, 20  
But there's never a move in by<sup>7</sup>  
And the windas are blin'.

Feathers turn fire i' the licht,  
The pig's doup<sup>8</sup> skinkles<sup>9</sup> like siller,

<sup>1</sup> hiccup, cackle

<sup>2</sup> dig

<sup>3</sup> gobblers noisily

<sup>4</sup> swallows noisily

<sup>5</sup> hushed

<sup>6</sup> sad, pitiful, mournful

<sup>7</sup> indoors

<sup>8</sup> end

<sup>9</sup> shines, gleams

## DEATH OF LANCELOT, AS TOLD BY GWENIVERE

But the auld ferm house is waugh<sup>1</sup>  
Wi' the daith intill her.

Hens' cries are a panash<sup>2</sup> in Heaven,  
And a pig has the warld at its feet ;  
But wae for the hoose whaur a buirdly<sup>3</sup> man  
Crines<sup>4</sup> in a windin' sheet.

HUGH MACDIARMID

<sup>1</sup> unpleasant  
<sup>3</sup> strong, goodly

<sup>2</sup> French—*panache*  
<sup>4</sup> contracts

## THE DEATH OF LANCELOT, AS TOLD BY GWENIVERE

THEN, after many years, a rider came,  
An old lame man upon a horse as lame,  
Hailing me " Queen " and calling me by name.

I knew him ; he was Bors of Gannis, he, 10  
He said that in his chapel by the sea  
My lover on his death-bed longed for me.

No vows could check me at that dying cry,  
I cast my abbess-ship and nunhood by . . .  
I prayed, " God, let me see him ere he die."

We passt the walls of Camelot : we passt  
Sand-raddled Severn shadowing many a mast,  
And bright Caerleon where I saw him last.

Westward we went till, in an evening, lo,  
A bay of bareness with the tide at flow, 20  
And one green headland in the sunset's glow.

There was the chapel, at a brooklet's side.  
I galloped downhill to it with my guide.  
I was too late, for Lancelot had died.

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I had last seen him as a flag in air,  
A battle banner bidding men out-dare.  
Now he lay dead ; old, old, with silver hair.

I had not ever thought of him as old . . .  
This hurt me most : his sword-hand could not hold  
Even the cross upon the sacking-fold.

They had a garden-close outside the church  
With Hector's grave, where robins came to perch.  
When I could see again, I went to search

For flowers for him dead, my king of men. 10  
I wandered up the brooklet, up the glen :  
A robin watched me and a water-hen.

There I picked honeysuckles, many a binc  
Of golden trumpets, budding red as wine,  
With dark green leaves, each with a yellow spine.

We buried him by Hector, covered close  
With these, and elder-flower, and wild rose.  
His friends are gone thence now : no other goes.

He once so ringing glad among the spears,  
Lies where the rabbit browses with droopt ears 20  
And shy-foot stags come when the moon appears.

Myself shall follow, when it be God's will ;  
But whatso'er my death be, good or ill,  
Surely my love will burn within me still.

Death cannot make so great a fire drowse ;  
What though I broke both nun's and marriage-vows,  
April will out, however hard the boughs :

## FROM A WINDOW

And though my spirit be a lost thing blown,  
It, in its waste, and in the grave, my bone,  
Will glimmer still from Love, that will atone.

JOHN MASEFIELD

## ON YOUTH STRUCK DOWN

(From an Unfinished Elegy)

OH ! Death, what have you to say ?  
“ Like a bride—like a bride-groom they ride away :  
You shall go back to make up the fire,  
To learn patience—to learn grief,  
To learn sleep when the light has quite gone out of  
your earthly skies,  
But they have the light in their eyes  
To the end of their day.”

10

CHARLOTTE MEW

## FROM A WINDOW

Up here, with June, the sycamore throws  
Across the window a whispering screen ;  
I shall miss the sycamore more, I suppose,  
Than anything else on this earth that is out in green.  
But I mean to go through the door without fear,  
Not caring much what happens here  
When I'm away :—  
How green the screen is across the panes  
Or who goes laughing along the lanes  
With my old lover all the summer day.

20

CHARLOTTE MEW

PANTOUM OF  
THE FELLOW-TRAVELLER

UPON the road to Puys  
where all the roads begin,—  
one night her memory  
—I drank in an old inn.

Where all the roads begin  
the circling of the earth  
I drank in an old inn  
her memory and mirth.

The circling of the earth,—  
it made me think of her, 10  
her memory and mirth,—  
my fellow-traveller.

It made me think of her  
who fared so joyously,  
my fellow traveller,—  
town-street or open sea.

She fared so joyously,  
she met the world blue-eyed,  
town-street or open sea,  
moorland or mountain-side. 20

She met the world blue-eyed,  
she loved the morning-sun,  
moorland or mountain-side,  
the inn when day was done.

She loved the morning-sun,  
the road that ends in sky,



## PANTOUM OF THE FELLOW-TRAVELLER

the inn when day was done,  
the hearth,—the wheels going by.

The road that ends in sky,  
the adventure of the road,  
the hearth,—the wheels going by—  
she laughed to light the load.

The adventure of the road,  
“ It’s great,” she said, “ keep on ! ”  
She laughed to light the load,  
’twas her religion. 10

“ It’s great,” she said, “ keep on,  
think how the soldiers went ! ”  
’Twas her religion  
and traveller’s content.

“ Think how the soldiers went ! ”  
Grown tired one night—’twas late—  
with traveller’s content  
we came to a dark gate.

Grown tired one night—’twas late—  
I know not how it was, 20  
we came to a dark gate  
before an unlit house.

I know not how it was,  
but swiftly she was gone  
into the unlit house,  
and I, outside, alone.

But swiftly she was gone,—  
her mirth, her memory,  
and I, outside, alone,  
upon the road to Puys. 30

ERNEST RHYS

## LORD, WHO GAVEST

LORD, Who gavest this grief to me,  
Sec, from out its bitter Trec,  
How, all night, I sing for Thec.

Though my heart with anguish break,  
Out of sorrow, for Thy sake,  
I, Thy Bird, do sweetness make.

MARY MORISON WEBSTER

## THE SELFSAME SONG

A BIRD bills the selfsame song,  
With never a fault in its flow,  
That we listened to here those long  
Long years ago.

10

A pleasing marvel is how  
A strain of such rapturous rote  
Should have gone on thus till now  
Unchanged in a note !

—But it's not the selfsame bird.—  
No : perished to dust is he. . . .  
As also are those who heard  
That song with me.

THOMAS HARDY

## SAILING TO BYZANTIUM

### I

THAT is no country for old men. The young  
In one another's arms, birds in the trees,  
—Those dying generations—at their song,  
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,

20

## SAILING TO BYZANTIUM

Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long  
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.  
Caught in that sensual music all neglect  
Monuments of unageing intellect.

### II

An aged man is but a paltry thing,  
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless  
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing  
For every tatter in its mortal dress,  
Nor is there singing school but studying  
Monuments of its own magnificence ; 10  
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come  
To the holy city of Byzantium.

### III

O sages standing in God's holy fire  
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,  
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,  
And be the singing-masters of my soul.  
Consume my heart away ; sick with desire  
And fastened to a dying animal  
It knows not what it is ; and gather me  
Into the artifice of eternity. 20

### IV

Once out of nature I shall never take  
My bodily form from any natural thing,  
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make  
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling  
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake ;  
Or set upon a golden bough to sing  
To lords and ladies of Byzantium  
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.  
W. B. YEATS

## INSCRIPTION

(FOR THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARMISTICE)

MOUNTAINS and stars, clouds and the white sea-foam,  
Flames, snows, and children—should not these  
suffice,

But this heart-breaking loveliness must come  
Gleaming through all—life that willingly dies?

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

## NOW TO BE STILL AND REST

Now to be still and rest, while the heart remembers  
All that it learned and loved in the days long past,  
To stoop and warm our hands at the fallen embers,  
Glad to have come to the long way's end at last.

Now to awake, and feel no regret at waking,  
Knowing the shadowy days are white again, 10  
To draw our curtains and watch the slow dawn  
breaking  
Silver and grey on English field and lane.

Now to fulfil our dreams, in woods and meadows  
Treading the well-loved paths,—to pause and cry  
“So, even so I remember it,”—seeing the shadows  
Weave on the distant hills their tapestry.

Now to rejoice in children and join their laughter,  
Tuning our hearts once more to the fairy strain,—  
To hear our names on voices we love, and after  
Turn with a smile to sleep and our dreams again. 20

## RETREAT

Then—with a newborn strength, the sweet rest over,  
Gladly to follow the great white road once more,  
To work with a song on our lips and the heart of a  
lover,  
Building a city of peace on the wastes of war.  
P. H. B. LYON

## RETREAT

LET there be silence sometimes,  
A space of starless night—  
A silence, a space of forgetfulness  
Away from seething of lives,  
The rage of struggle.

Let there be a time of retreat, 10  
A hiding of the sun and all colours,  
For the soul to ride at ease in darkness ;  
For the coldness of no-life  
To soothe life's burning.

Let there be rest  
For wearied eyes to ease their labour  
And wander across great distances,  
For the spirit to slip the chain of hours  
And drift in Atlantic waves of time.

Grant peace ; 20  
For a space let there be no roar  
Of wheels and voices, no din  
Of steel and stone and fire.  
Let us cleanse ourselves from the sweat and dirt,  
Let us be hushed, let us breathe  
The cold sterile wind from colourless space.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

AFTER TEN YEARS

He came to-day, our whilom foe—  
An enemy ten years ago—  
At least our country's enemy,  
Even as I was forced to be  
An enemy of his : he came ;  
And by the hearth we watched the flame  
Flourish the logs with gold, as we  
Together talked of poetry,  
Or sat, each silent in his seat, 10  
Rapt in the healing, quiet, sweet  
Companionship of kindred minds  
And human fellowship that binds  
The broken spirit and makes whole  
The horror-lacerated soul.  
We, who'd been forced by fate to dwell  
Four years in opposite camps of hell,  
Were liberated now, and free  
Of the sweet heaven of poetry,  
After long years of exile come  
To our true native country, home. 20

WILFRID W. GIBSON

LOST IN FRANCE\*

Jo's REQUIEM

He had the plowman's strength  
in the grasp of his hand :  
He could see a crow  
three miles away,  
and the trout beneath the stone.  
He could hear the green oats growing,  
and the south-west wind making rain.

\* Jo Vellacot, killed in action, 1915.

## GRANDEUR OF GHOSTS

He could hear the wheel upon the hill  
when it left the level road.  
He could make a gate, and dig a pit,  
and plow as straight as stone can fall.  
And he is dead.

ERNEST RHYS

## IN MEMORY OF WILFRED OWEN

I HAD half-forgotten among the soft blue waters  
And the gay-fruited arbutus of the hill  
Where never the nightingales are silent,  
And the sunny hours are warm with honey and dew ;

I had half-forgotten as the stars slid westward      10  
Year after year in grave majestic order,  
In the strivings and in the triumphs of manhood,  
The world's voice, and the touch of beloved hands.

But I have never quite forgotten, never forgotten  
All you who lie there so lonely, and never stir  
When the hired buglers call unheeded to you,  
Whom the sun shall never warm nor the frost chill.

Do you remember . . . but why should you remember ?  
Have you not given all you had, to forget ?  
Oh, blessed, blessed be Death ! They can no more  
vex you,      20  
You for whom memory and forgetfulness are one.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

## GRANDEUR OF GHOSTS

WHEN I have heard small talk about great men  
I climb to bed ; light my two candles ; then

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Consider what was said ; and put aside  
What Such-a-one remarked and Someone-else replied.

They have spoken lightly of my deathless friends  
(Lamps for my gloom, hands guiding where I  
stumble),  
Quoting, for shallow conversational ends,  
What Shelley shrilled, what Blake once wildly  
muttered . . .

How can they use such names and be not humble ?  
I have sat silent ; angry at what they uttered.  
The dead bequeathed them life ; the dead have said  
What these can only memorise and mumble. 10  
SIEGFRIED SASSOON

EMILY BRONTË

(" DU HAST DIAMANTEN ")

THOU hadst all Passion's splendor,  
Thou hadst abounding store  
Of heaven's eternal jewels,  
Belovèd ; what wouldst thou more ?

Thine was the frolic freedom  
Of creatures coy and wild,  
The melancholy of wisdom,  
The innocence of a child,

The mail'd will of the warrior,  
That buckled in thy breast  
Humility as of Francis,  
The self-surrender of Christ ;

20



### COWPER AT OLNEY

And of God's cup thou drankest  
The unmingled wine of Love,  
Which makes poor mortals giddy  
When they but sip thereof.

What was't to thee thy pathway  
So rugged mean and hard,  
Whereon when Death surprised thee  
Thou gav'st him no regard ?

What was't to thee, enamour'd  
As a red rose of the sun, 10  
If of thy myriad lovers  
Thou never sawest one ?

Nor if of all thy lovers  
That are and were to be  
None ever had their vision,  
O belovèd, of thee,

Until thy silent glory  
Went forth from earth alone,  
Where like a star thou gleamest  
From thine immortal throne. 20

ROBERT BRIDGES

### COWPER AT OLNEY

In this green valley where the Ouse  
Is looped in many a silver pool,  
Seeking God's mercy and his muse  
Went Cowper sorrowful.

Like the pale gleam of wintry sun  
His genius lit the obscure place,  
Where, battling with despair, lived one  
Of melancholy's race.

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By quiet waters, by green fields  
In winter sweet as summer hay,  
By hedgerows where the chaffinch builds  
He went his brooding way.

And not a berry or a leaf,  
Or stirring bough or fragrant wind,  
But, in its moment, soothed the grief  
Of his tormented mind.

And since, like the beloved sheep  
Of David's shepherd, he was led 10  
By streams and pastures quiet as sleep—  
Was he not comforted ?

SYLVIA LYND

## SHAKESPEARE

WHEN to the market-place of dreams I went  
To bid a penny for the firmament,  
I sudden came upon a star-high man  
Whose mighty composition hid the sun  
With wings as wide as worlds ; and when he ran  
In space, I thought that wind and he were one.  
Abrupt he checks those truceless feet and stands  
Deliberate with lightnings in his hands, 20  
Over the Sphinx. Created things attend,  
The speculations of the gods descend  
Upon Earth's human champion stood at bay.  
A moment's pause—slow subtle smile—and he,  
Murmuring "Lord ! what fools these mortals be !"  
Heedless and headlong goes his boisterous way.

F. V. BRANFORD

## FLIGHT FROM COLOGNE

### FLIGHT FROM COLOGNE

(TYNDALE, DECEMBER 1525)

“Be quick,” he said ; “be quick.”

So these together  
Ran through the little streets, and the night fell,  
The early Advent night. In the clear weather  
The stars fled tumbling in the river swirl,  
The great, the mile-broad river darkly flowing.  
Quick, quick they picked their way. The weed-  
grown slips  
Seemed like the grave's mouth ; not a sound was there  
Under the watergate, down the green steps,  
Never a sound at all but muttering water, 10  
Like whispering bells and secret small hands clapping.  
Quick, quick ; the bales were in. Now they were  
dropping  
Into midflood ; now, now the oars ! The stream  
Swirled like a mighty tide ; now strong, now steady,  
Now silent still, like toilers in a dream,  
Bitter and keen, their long night's burden dreaming,  
Will to dark will they fought the river's eddy,  
Hour after hour, two rowers ; and for ever  
Through the eternal night, and their hearts breaking,  
Heard roaring at their bows the invisible river, 20  
Heard how the great Rhine without pause or pity  
Round their dark bows broke twisting all night long.  
Still blew the north wind up the river, making  
Great waves in the chill blackness ; and they heard  
Blown from Arcturus on the upstream wind  
The bells of sweet Cologne, the Three Kings' City—  
O God's dear stronghold they had left behind,  
And left with tears ; and through the midnight  
peering,  
These, their lost peace remembering, watched far down

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The lights aswarm like bees, and ached for hearing  
The bells' clear humming on the dark wind blown . . .

JEAN SMITH

MOLE-CATCHER

With coat like any mole's, as soft and black,  
And hazel bows bundled beneath his arm,  
With long-helved spade and rush bag on his back,  
The trapper plods alone about the farm :  
And spies new mounds in the ripe pasturc-land,  
And where the lob-worms writhe up in alarm  
And easy sinks the spade, he takes his stand  
Knowing the moles' dark highroad runs below : 10  
Then sharp and square he chops the turf, and day  
Gloats on the opened turnpike through the clay.  
Out from his wallet hurry pin and prong,  
And trap, and noose to tie it to the bow ;  
And then his grand arcanum, oily and strong,  
Found out by his forefather years ago  
To scent the peg and witch the moles along.  
The bow is earthen and arched ready to shoot  
And snatch the death-knot fast round the first mole  
Who comes and snuffs well pleased and tries to root  
Past the sly nose peg ; back again is put 21  
The mould, and death left smirking in the hole.  
The old man goes and tallies all his snares  
And finds the prisoners there and takes his toll.

And moles to him are only moles ; but hares  
See him afield and scarcely cease to nip  
Their dinners, for he harms not them ; he spares  
The drowning fly that of his ale would sip  
And throws the ant the crumbs of comradeship.  
And every time he comes into his yard 30

MRS. HAGUE

Grey linnet knows he brings the groundsel sheaf,  
And clatters round the cage to be unbarred,  
And on his finger whistles twice as hard.—  
What his old vicar says, is his belief ;  
In the side pew he sits and hears the truth ;  
And never misses once to ring his bell  
On Sundays night and morn, nor once since youth  
Has heard the chimes afield, but has heard tell  
There's not a peal in England sounds so well.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

MRS. HAGUE

OLD Mrs. Hague, 10  
The Gardener's wife,  
Was not to be enclosed in any formulas.  
She seems to stand upon a little mound  
Of pansies,  
    Primroses,  
    And primulas.  
Outlined against the pale blue eye of northern spring,  
Heavily planted in this printed muslin beauty  
Of clumps and spots and dots and tiger-stripes,  
She swelled with ideas and ideals of duty, 20  
Emphatic,  
    Rheumatic.

Mrs. Thatch,  
The wife, she was sorry to say,  
Of Lord X's gardener  
—If such one could call him—  
Was silly, town-bred, what Mrs. Hague would call  
—Well, she really did not like to say it,  
Did not know what to call it ;  
Shall we say a Ne'er-do-Well ? 30  
And all the time the primroses, the wind-flowers

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Opened their eyes and pressed their nodding heads  
Against her, and the moss seemed ready to  
Run up those rugged limbs,  
The lichen ready  
To crystallise its feathery formations  
Along these solid branches.

If not upon this flower-sprinkled mound,  
Then Mrs. Hague stood  
Pressed in the narrow framework of her door,  
And fills it to our minds for evermore. 10  
Out of the slender gaps  
Between the figure and its frame,  
Was wafted the crusty, country odour  
Of new bread,  
Which was but one blossom of the hedges  
That Mrs. Hague had planted.

For Mrs. Hague was childless,  
And so had wisely broken up her life  
With fences of her own construction,  
Above which she would peer 20  
With bovine grace,  
Kind nose, kind eyes  
Wide open in wide face.  
For

Monday was Washing Day,  
Tuesday was Baking Day,  
Wednesday h'Alfred 'as 'is dinner h'early,  
Thursday was Baking Day again,  
Friday was a busy day, a very busy day,  
And Saturday prepared the way for Sunday, 30  
Black satin bosoms and a brooch,  
A bonnet and a Bible.

Nor were these all :  
There were other more imposing barricks  
Of Strawberry Jam in June

MRS. REECE LAUGHS

And Blackberry Jelly in October :  
For each fruit contributed a hedge  
To the garden of Mrs. Hague's days.

These fences made life safe for Mrs. Hague ;  
Each barrier of washing, mending, baking  
Was a barricade  
Thrown up against being lonely or afraid.  
This infinite perspective  
—The week, the month, the year—  
Showed in the narrow gaps 10  
Between her and the door,  
As she stood there in the doorway,  
Narrow as a coffin.

Oh, who can describe the grace of Mrs. Hague,  
A Mrs. Noah limned by Botticelli,  
'Mid flowering trees, green winds and pensive flowers ;  
A Rousseau portrait, inflated by Picasso ;  
Or seen in summer,  
As through a tapestry  
Of pool, exotic flower and conifer ? 20

As Daphne was transformed into a tree,  
So some old elm had turned to Mrs. Hague,  
Thick bole, wide arms and rustic dignity.  
OSBERT SITWELL

MRS. REECE LAUGHS

LAUGHTER, with us, is no great undertaking,  
A sudden wave that breaks and dies in breaking.  
Laughter, with Mrs. Reece, is much less simple :  
It germinates, it spreads, dimple by dimple,  
From small beginnings, things of easy girth,  
To formidable redundancies of mirth.

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Clusters of subterranean chuckles rise  
And presently the circles of her eyes  
Close into slits, and all the woman heaves  
As a great elm with all its mounds of leaves  
Wallows before the storm. From hidden sources  
A mustering of blind volcanic forces  
Takes her and shakes her till she sobs and gapes.  
Then all that load of bottled mirth escapes  
In one wild crow, a lifting of huge hands,  
And creaking stays, and visage that expands 10  
In scarlet ridge and furrow. Thence collapse,  
A hanging head, a feeble hand that flaps  
An apron-end to stir an air and waft  
A steaming face. And Mrs. Reece has laughed.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## IN MERRION SQUARE

On the well-scrubbed wide steps  
Of the great house  
In the soft summer night  
She sits in joyous state,  
But still as any pilfering mouse,  
Her evening meal laid out meticulously : 20  
Four courses—meat and bread,  
Potatoes (cold), and on an old tin plate,  
Kept wisely, to await  
The waning appetite,  
An orange glowing gold.  
The rest on paper dishes spread with care,  
And as she eats she bows, now here, now there,  
With gestures of an old  
Forgotten courtesy,  
Tempting invisible guests 30  
Out of the purple air,  
To share the feast, partake the glowing joy.



## THE GOAT

O wise ones who pass by  
Tell, of your wisdom, tell  
Plain truth or paradox  
Is it not well  
With her alone, not lonely there ?  
The dish of herbs where love is—  
The stalled ox ?  
Loud guests, lit halls—or silent spirits of the air ?  
SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

## THE MAD-WOMAN

ASWELL within her billowed skirts  
Like a great ship with sails unfurled, 10  
The mad-woman goes gallantly  
Upon the ridges of her world.

With eagle nose and wisps of gray  
She strides upon the westward hills,  
Swings her umbrella joyously  
And waves it to the waving mills,

Talking and chuckling as she goes  
Indifferent both to sun and rain,  
With all that merry company  
The singing children of her brain. 20  
L. A. G. STRONG

## THE GOAT

It dwelt upon the very edge of things,  
Civilization's limit—where the wings  
Of that wild creature which is spirit  
Brush the bowed heads of such as do inherit  
The five-barred prison of the flesh  
And thought's tight mesh.

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Only a twisted rope of straw  
Kept it tethered to man's law,  
And it had tasted everything  
That grew within that narrow ring ;  
And still,  
Unsatisfied,  
The soul within it cried  
For something it had known—it knew not when—  
But something far away from men,  
And high and wide 10  
And splendid as the hill.

One day  
Its rope of twisted straw  
Snapped, and it passed away  
Forever from the circle of man's law,  
Up to the tameless hills to be untamed as they.

Sheer  
Buttress on buttress, scarp on scarp,  
*Sheer and sharp,*  
Covered with time's worn hieroglyphs, 20  
The cliffs  
From the white cloud to the white surf  
Fell.

They were a temple where the sea  
Sang eternally  
The anthems of its fear ;  
They were a citadel  
Where the old gods and blind  
Still defied  
The pride 30  
And prowess of mankind ;  
They were an amphitheatre  
Where the storm drove his chariot of swift cloud,  
And crag on crag, aloud,

## THE GOAT

Hailed with harsh shouts and vast applause  
The savage charioteer.

Here,  
Escaped forever from man's laws,  
The goat and the wild thing within him found  
Asylum for his spirit and a home.  
Here he would roam,  
Close friends with danger and the mate of death,  
Upon the strips of broken ground  
Where the green turf 10  
Found life itself and gave its life for his.  
Six hundred feet beneath  
The lips of the white surf  
Murmured to him and offered him their kiss ;  
And, like a wild-eyed maiden of the Sidhe,<sup>1</sup>  
The sea  
Flung up faint arms of mist embracing him—  
Until his brain grew dim,  
And, for a moment, even he  
Felt 20  
The awful lure of the abyss.

Here,  
Nevertheless, he dwelt  
Year after year  
Upon the world's last barren edge.  
The ledge  
Gave him a lodging, and the splintered rock  
A shelter from the shock  
Of the gigantic  
Winds that raved 30  
Over the leagues of black Atlantic.  
Hardly he clung to the thin strip of life,  
Never knew comfort, and lay down at night  
With hazard and awoke again  
To hunger and to strife.

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced "shee."

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

But he had saved  
The little spark of the eternal light  
That smouldered in the lantern of his brain  
From utter death—he knew  
The original enterprise that drew  
Life upward from the sleep of time ;  
And when he stood on the sharp shelf,  
Free from all twisted ropes of straw  
That bound his soul to any law,  
Elate and master of himself, 10  
He heard above him the clear cry  
Of some unfettered destiny  
That, like a sea-gull from the sky,  
Called down to him, sublime.

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

THE CAPTIVE SHREW

TIMID atom, furry shrew,  
Is it a sin to prison you ?  
Through the runways in the grass  
You and yours in hundreds pass,  
An unimagined world of shrews,  
A world whose hurrying twilight news 20  
Never stirs but now and then  
The striding world of booted men.  
Fear and greed are masters there,  
And flesh and blood go clothed in hair ;  
Life hurries without Power, and Mind,  
Cocooned in brain, is almost blind.  
—And yet 'tis wild, and strange, and free-  
And all that shrews can ever be.  
What is it, shrew ? I fain would know . . .  
—Dumbness and fright, I let you go ! 30  
'Tis not by holding in the hand  
That one can hope to understand ;

## MARCH HARES

Truth was never prisoned yet  
In cage of Force, in Matter's net.  
The body of a shrew is small,  
Of man is big ; but after all  
Not so am I more great than you—  
It is the soul that makes the shrew.  
Go back to twitter out your life  
Of obscure love and timid strife !  
To learn the secret of your kind,  
I will pursue you with my mind. 10  
JULIAN S. HUXLEY

## THE BADGERS

BROCKS snuffle from their holt within  
A writhen root of black-thorn old,  
And moonlight streaks the gashes bold  
Of lemon fur from ear to chin.  
They stretch and snort and snuff the air,  
Then sit, to plan the night's affair.

The neighbours, fox and owl, they heed,  
And many whispering scents and sounds  
Familiar on their secret rounds,  
Then silently make sudden speed, 20  
Paddling away in single file  
Adown the eagle fern's dim aisle.  
EDEN PHILLPOTTS

## MARCH HARES

I MADE myself as a tree,  
No withered leaf twirling on me ;  
No, not a bird that stirred my boughs,  
As looking out from wizard brows

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

I watched those lithe and lovely forms  
That raised the leaves in storms.

I watched them leap and run,  
 Their bodies hollowed in the sun  
 To thin transparency,  
 That I could clearly see  
 The shallow colour of their blood  
 Joyous in love's full flood.

I was content enough  
Watching that serious game of love,  
That happy hunting in the wood  
Where the pursuer was the more pursued,  
To stand in breathless hush  
With no more life myself than tree or bush.

ANDREW YOUNG

## BABY TORTOISE

You know what it is to be born alone,  
Baby tortoise !

The first day to heave your feet little by little from  
the shell,  
Not yet awake,  
And remain lapsed on earth,  
Not quite alive. 20

A tiny, fragile, half-animate bean.

To open your tiny beak-mouth, that looks as if  
it would never open,  
Like some iron door ;  
To lift the upper hawk-beak from the lower base  
And reach your skinny little neck

## BABY TORTOISE

And take your first bite at some dim bit of herbage,  
Alone, small insect,  
Tiny bright-eye,  
Slow one.

To take your first solitary bite  
And move on your slow, solitary hunt.  
Your bright, dark little eye,  
Your eye of a dark disturbed night,  
Under its slow lid, tiny baby tortoise,  
So indomitable.

10

No one ever heard you complain.

You draw your head forward, slowly, from your little  
wimple  
And set forward, slow-dragging, on your four-pinned  
toes,  
Rowing slowly forward.  
Whither away, small bird ?  
Rather like a baby working its limbs,  
Except that you make slow, ageless progress  
And a baby makes none.

The touch of sun excites you,  
And the long ages, and the lingering chill  
Make you pause to yawn, 20  
Opening your impervious mouth,  
Suddenly beak-shaped, and very wide, like some  
suddenly gaping pincers ;  
Soft red tongue, and hard thin gums,  
Then close the wedge of your little mountain front,  
Your face, baby tortoise.

Do you wonder at the world, as slowly you turn your  
head in its wimple  
And look with laconic, black eyes ?

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Or is sleep coming over you again,  
The non-life ?

You are so hard to wake.

Are you able to wonder ?  
Or is it just your indomitable will and pride of the  
first life  
Looking round  
And slowly pitching itself against the inertia  
Which had seemed invincible ?

The vast inanimate,  
And the fine brilliance of your so tiny eye, 10  
Challenger.  
Nay, tiny shell-bird,  
What a huge vast inanimate it is, that you must row  
against,  
What an incalculable inertia.

Challenger,  
Little Ulysses, fore-runner,  
No bigger than my thumb-nail,  
Buon viaggio.

All animate creation on your shoulder,  
Set forth, little Titan, under your battle-shield. 20

The ponderous, preponderate,  
Inanimate universe ;  
And you are slowly moving, pioneer, you alone.

How vivid your travelling seems now, in the troubled  
sunshine,  
Stoic, Ulyssean atom ;  
Suddenly hasty, reckless, on high toes.



## HORSES

Voiceless little bird,  
Resting your head half out of your wimple  
In the slow dignity of your eternal pause.  
Alone, with no sense of being alone,  
And hence six times more solitary ;  
Fulfilled of the slow passion of pitching through  
    immemorial ages  
Your little round house in the midst of chaos.

Over the garden earth,  
Small bird,  
Over the edge of all things. 10  
Traveller,  
With your tail tucked a little on one side  
Like a gentleman in a long-skirted coat.

All life carried on your shoulder,  
Invincible fore-runner.

D. H. LAWRENCE

## HORSES

“NEWMARKET OR ST. LEGER . . .”

Who, in the garden pony carrying skeps  
Of grass or fallen leaves, his knees gone slack,  
Round belly, hollow back,  
Sees the Mongolian Tarpan of the Steppes ?  
Or, in the Shire with plaits and feathered feet, 20  
The war-horse like the wind the Tartar knew ?  
Or, in the Suffolk Punch, spells out anew  
The wild grey asses fleet  
With stripe from head to tail, and moderate ears ?  
In cross sea-donkeys, sheltering as storm gathers,  
The mountain zebras maned upon the withers,  
With round enormous ears ?

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

And who in thoroughbreds in stable garb  
Of blazoned rug, ranged orderly, will mark  
The wistful eyelashes so long and dark,  
And call to mind the old blood of the Barb,  
And that slim island on whose bare campaigns  
Galloped with flying manes,  
For a King's pleasure, churning surf and scud,  
A white Arabian stud ?

That stallion, teaser to Hobgoblin, free  
And foaled upon a plain of Barbary : 10  
Godolphin Barb, who dragged a cart for hire  
In Paris, but became a famous sire,  
Covering all lovely mares ; and she who threw  
Rataplan to the Baron, loveliest shrew ;  
King Charles's royal-mares; the Dodsworth Dam ;  
And the descendants : Yellow Turk, King Tom ;  
And Lath out of Roxana, famous foal ;  
Careless ; Eclipse, unbeaten in the race,  
With white blaze on his face ;  
Prunella who was dam to Parasol. 20

Blood Arab, pony, pedigree, no name,  
All horses are the same :  
The Shetland stallion stunted by the damp,  
Yet filled with self-importance, stout and small ;  
The Cleveland slow and tall ;  
New Forests that may ramp  
Their lives out, being branded, breeding free  
When bluebells turn the Forest to a sea,  
When mares with foal at foot flee down the glades,  
Sheltering in bramble coverts 30  
From mobs of corn-fed lovers ;  
Or, at the acorn-harvest, in stockades,  
A round-up being afoot, will stand at bay,  
Or making for the heather clearings, splay  
Wide-spread towards the bogs by gorse and whin,

## HORSES ON THE CAMARGUE

Roped as they flounder in  
By foresters.

But hunters as day fails  
Will take the short-cut home across the fields ;  
With slackened rein will stoop through darkening  
    wealds ;  
With creaking leathers skirt the swedes and kales.  
Patient, adventuring still,  
A horse's ears bob on the distant hill ;  
He starts to hear  
A pheasant chuck or whirr, having the fear      10  
In him of ages filled with war and raid,  
Night-gallop, ambushade ;  
Remembering adventures of his kin  
With giant winged worms that coiled round mountain  
    bases,  
And Nordic tales of young gods riding races  
Up courses of the rainbow ; here within  
The depth of Hampshire hedges, does he dream  
How Athens woke, to hear above her roofs  
The welkin flash and thunder to the hoofs  
Of Dawn's tremendous team ?      20

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

## HORSES ON THE CAMARGUE

In the grey wastes of dread,  
The haunts of shattered gulls where nothing moves  
But in a shroud of silence like the dead,  
I heard a sudden harmony of hooves,  
And, turning, saw afar  
A hundred snowy horses unconfined,  
The silver runaways of Neptune's car  
Racing, spray-curled, like waves before the wind.

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Sons of the Mistral, fleet  
As him with whose strong gusts they love to flee,  
Who shod the flying thunders on their feet  
And plumed them with the snortings of the sea ;  
Theirs is no earthly breed  
Who only haunt the verges of the earth  
And only on the sea's salt herbage feed—  
Surely the great white breakers gave them birth.  
For when for years a slave,  
A horse of the Camargue, in alien lands, 10  
Should catch some far-off fragrance of the wave  
Carried far inland from his native sands,  
Many have told the tale  
Of how in fury, foaming at the rein,  
He hurls his rider ; and with lifted tail,  
With coal-red eyes and cataracting mane,  
Heading his course for home,  
Though sixty foreign leagues before him sweep,  
Will never rest until he breathes the foam  
And hears the native thunder of the deep. 20  
But when the great gusts rise  
And lash their anger on these arid coasts,  
When the scared gulls career with mournful cries  
And whirl across the waste like driven ghosts :  
When hail and fire converge,  
The only souls to which they strike no pain  
Are the white-crested fillies of the surge  
And the white horses of the windy plain.  
Then in their strength and pride  
The stallions of the wilderness rejoice ; 30  
They feel their Master's trident in their side,  
And high and shrill they answer to his voice.  
With white tails smoking free,  
Long streaming manes and arching necks, they show  
Their kinship to their sisters of the sea—  
And forward hurl their thunderbolts of snow.  
Still out of hardship bred,

## THE CENTAURS

Spirits of power and beauty and delight  
Have ever on such frugal pastures fed  
And loved to course with tempests through the night.  
ROY CAMPBELL

## THE CENTAURS

Up came the young Centaur-colts from the plains they  
were fathered in—  
Curious, awkward, afraid.  
Burs in their hocks and their tails, they were gathered  
in  
Mobs and run up to the yard to be made.

Starting and shying at straws, with sidelings and  
plungings,  
Buckings and whirlings and bolts ;  
Greener than grass, but full-ripe for their bridlings and  
lungings, 10  
Up to the yards and to Chiron they bustled the  
colts.

First the light web and the cavesson ; then the linked  
keys  
To jingle and turn on the tongue. Then, with  
cocked ears,  
The hours of watching and envy, while comrades at  
ease  
Passaged and backed, making naught of these  
terrible gears.

Next, over-pride and its price at the low-seeming  
fence,  
Too oft and too easily taken—the world-beheld  
fall !

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

And none in the yard except Chiron to doubt the  
immense,  
Irretrievable shame of it all ! . . .

Last, the trained squadron, full-charge—the sound of  
a going  
Through dust and spun clods, and strong kicks,  
pelted in as they went,  
And repaid at top-speed ; till the order to halt  
without slowing  
Brought every colt on his haunches—and Chiron  
content !

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE GREATER CATS

THE greater cats with golden eyes  
Stare out between the bars.  
Deserts are theirs, and different skies,  
And night with different stars. 10  
They prowl the aromatic hill,  
And mate as fiercely as they kill,  
And hold the freedom of their will  
To roam, to live, to drink their fill ;  
But this beyond their wit know I :  
Man loves a little, and for long shall die.

Their kind across the desert range  
Where tulips spring from stones,  
Not knowing they will suffer change  
Or vultures pick their bones. 20  
Their strength's eternal in their sight,  
They rule the terror of the night,  
They overtake the deer in flight,  
And in their arrogance they smite ;

## THE TIGER

But I am sage, if they are strong :  
Man's love is transient as his death is long.

Yet oh what powers to deceive !  
My wit is turned to faith,  
And at this moment I believe  
In love, and scout at death.  
I came from nowhere, and shall be  
Strong, steadfast, swift, eternally :  
I am a lion, a stone, a tree,  
And as the Polar star in me 10  
Is fixed my constant heart on thee.  
Ah, may I stay forever blind  
With lions, tigers, leopards, and their kind.  
VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST

## THE TIGER

He looked into the tiger's cage ; and saw,  
In a far dusky corner, glaring eyes  
Of burning emerald. Shot with instant awe,  
His heart went cold and empty—then was filled  
With the hot darkness of vast jungle-night . . .  
In which, somehow, he wandered, while wild cries  
Of peacocks shrieking on the unseen boughs 20  
Sang through his curdling blood . . . (Somehow,  
he knew  
That they were peacocks, though he'd never been  
Outside Northumberland ; and had only heard  
One day the scree of that outlandish bird  
Nigh Chillingham—a cold shriek that had thrilled  
His very marrow)—while those balls of light,  
Blazing his heart's hot dark to icy green,  
Glared on him from a thicket of bamboo . . .

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And, only yesterday, the whole day through,  
His eyes had followed nothing but his plough's  
Stiff progress up the bare and stony brae  
Of the Five Acres ; while, with steady hands,  
He gripped the jibbing hasts ; and little dreamed,  
Driving his smoking team but yesterday,  
Of wandering in uncanny foreign lands,  
Where night was a thick horror of hot fear . . .

(Last night, on Eager Edge, so cold and clear,  
With Cheviot rising, huge, clean-cut and stark,      10  
To pricking stars and the keen-bladed moon !)

And now, about him, in the heavy dark,  
From unseen roosts a hundred peacocks screamed ;  
And the fierce chatter of a scared baboon,  
Somewhere behind him . . . Not behind him,  
now !

Before him, crouching, cowed, upon a bough,  
As he glared on it through the tiger's eyes—  
The eyes he saw no longer ; for within  
The cover of the bristling, twitching skin  
Of the great cat he found himself—his heart,      20  
Shot through with killing hungers, and the lust  
Of bloodshed ; which the peafowl's ceaseless cries,  
Tearing the night, lashed to an ecstasy,  
Till all his muscles tautened to a spring  
Upon that craven chatterer . . .

Someone thrust  
An arm through his ; looked up at him, and laughed,  
Shattering the darkness round him merrily :  
And, as he heard that laughter, and the ring  
Of a familiar voice, with a wild start      30  
He quickly turned, with blue eyes dazed and daft ;  
And looked on Peggy's face : and the dread spell,  
As his dazed eyes met hers, from off him fell.



## THE GIRAFFES

Yet still, within the cage, the tiger stared  
With eyes that through old jungle midnights glared.

WILFRID W. GIBSON

## THE GIRAFFES

I saw, between a page's turning,  
Shapes on the distant desert burning,  
Shadows running, swift and far,  
Where the white clouds of morning are.

It was the herds of gold giraffes  
That couple with the hippogriffes,  
And run with tireless shoulders bare  
To the more golden desert air : 10  
The joyous herds that feed on leaves  
The sun from hidden rhizomes weaves,  
And bathe with great, strong-striding flanks  
Where hidden waters press their banks :  
The herds that sleep not through the night,  
But fly through miles of cool blue light,  
Circling never nearer than  
Seven long leagues in sight of Man :  
The gentle herds that die unseen  
In Chi's stone vale of age-carved green, 20  
And whose delight is still to run  
Like wind between the sands and sun.

I hid the thought that suddenly  
Troubled my mind's tranquillity.  
"What if those golden beasts should find  
The secret out before mankind?  
And if their draught of movement's wine  
Teach them before these books of mine?  
If they are nearer to the True  
Than Wisdom?" pierced doubt's arrow through. 30

STELLA GIBBONS

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

### THE ZEBRAS

FROM the dark woods that breathe of fallen showers,  
Harnessed with level rays in golden reins,  
The zebras draw the dawn across the plains  
Wading knee-deep among the scarlet flowers.  
The sunlight, zithering their flanks with fire,  
Flashes between the shadows as they pass  
Barred with electric tremors through the grass  
Like wind along the gold strings of a lyre.

Into the flushed air snorting rosy plumes  
That smoulder round their feet in drifting fumes, 10  
With dove-like voices call the distant fillies,  
While round the herds the stallion wheels his flight,  
Engine of beauty volted with delight,  
To roll his mare among the trampled lilies.

ROY CAMPBELL

### THE SCAPEGOAT

BURDENED with great iniquity and pain  
In the vast wilderness of human scorn,  
The Scapegoat travels on towards the dawn  
Another outcast yet, another Cain.  
No herdsmen claim him now, from him in vain  
All pasture-lands and bright sweet streams are torn, 20  
And leaders' bells, and struggles horn to horn  
In the green valleys of his old domain.

In some precipitous ravine of stones  
He stumbles on his predecessor's bones  
Pale sepulchre of unresisted blame ;  
Then idly, where a few sparse grasses grow  
He crops the stunted nettles of his woe,  
And drinks the brackish waters of his shame.

YVONNE FRENCH

## COVERINGS

### COVERINGS

#### I

THE snake had shed his brindled skin  
To meet the marching feet of spring ;  
With bar, curve, loop and whirling ring  
The patterned swathes, papyrus-thin,  
Lay on the cage's sanded floor  
Marked with dragging python-spoor.

Flick-flack ! Like ash or vulcanite  
His lidless eyes in the spatulate  
Head were alive with watchful hate,  
Daring the sounds and the raw spring light.      10  
He shone like watered silk from his tongue  
To his tapering tail where the skin-shreds hung.

The cloudy yellow of mustard flowers  
Was barred on his skin with jetty flares  
And the five-patched circle the leopard wears :  
The sea-shell's convolute green towers  
Were called to mind by his belly's hue  
That faded to pallid egg-shell blue.

He was covered so to face the sun ;  
That shadows of leaves might match his skin ;      20  
That, where the lily roots begin,  
You might not see where the snake begun ;  
That Man might see, when Snake was dressed,  
God in snake made manifest.

#### II

Mrs. Fand wore a fox round her wrinkled throat ;  
He was killed at dawn as he snarled his threat  
In a bracken-brake where the mist lay wet.

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Two men were drowned in a shattered boat  
Hunting the whale for the silk-bound shred  
That balanced her bust with her henna'd head.

An osprey's plume brushed her fallen chin,  
And a lorgnette swung on a platinum chain  
To deputise for her sightless brain.  
Her high-heeled shoes were of python skin,  
Her gloves of the gentle reindeer's hide,  
And to make her card-case a lizard died.

She watched the flickering counter-play                    10  
As the snake reared up with tongue and eye  
Licking the air for newt or fly ;  
And shook herself as she turned away  
With a tolerant movement of her head :  
" The nasty, horrid thing ! " she said.

STELLA GIBBONS

## THE LINNET'S NEST

O WHAT has wrought again the miracle of Spring ?  
This old garden of mine that was so beautiful  
And died so utterly—what pow'r of earth or sky  
From dead sticks and dead mould has raised up  
Paradise ?

The flow'rs we knew we welcome again in their  
turns—

Primrose, anemone, daffodil, and tulip,  
Blossom of cherry, blossom of pear and apple,  
Iris and columbine, and now the white cistus.                    20

In a round bush it grows, this cistus of delight,  
A mound of delicate pure white crinkled petals,

## THE LINNET'S NEST

In the heart of the garden where the green paths cross,  
Where the old stone dial throws its morning shadow.

Come nearer, and speak low ; watch while I put  
aside  
This thickly flow'ring spray, and stoop till you can see  
There in the shadowy centre, a tiny nest,  
And on it, facing us, a bright-eyed bird sitting.

She has five eggs, shaped and speckled most daintily ;  
But this she cannot know, nor how they are quick'ning  
With that which soon will be on the wing, and singing  
The ancestral linnet-song of thoughtless rapture. 10

No, this she cannot know, nor indeed anything  
That we call knowledge, nor such love and hope as  
ours :  
Yet she for her treasure will endure and tremble,  
And so find peace that passeth our understanding.

You wonder at my wonder—the bird has instinct,  
The law by dust ordained for that which dust creates ?  
What then is beauty ? and love ? my heart is restless  
To know what love and beauty are worth in the end.

The bird I know will fly ; nest, brood, cistus, garden,  
Will all be lost when winter takes the world again : 20  
Yet in my mind their loveliness will still survive  
Till I too in my turn obey the laws of dust.

Are we then all ? Is there no life in whom our nests,  
Our trembling hopes and our unintelligent loves  
May still, for the beauty they had, the faith they kept,  
Live on as in a vast eternal memory ?

Yet so for us would beauty still be meaningless,  
Mortal and meaningless—our hearts are restless still

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To be one with that spirit from whom all life springs,  
And therein to behold all beauty for ever.

Perhaps the linnet too is more than dust : perhaps  
She, though so small, of so quick-perishing beauty,  
Is none the less a part of His immortal dream  
And beneath her breast cherishes the divine life.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

THE RED GROUSE

I NEVER hear the red grouse yap upon a windy moor  
But a door goes clang in Elfinland, and I'm inside the  
door,  
I'm forty million miles away from all the wheels that  
run,  
I'm one with winds and waterfalls, and swinging to  
the sun. 10

For the red grouse is a wilding bird that's mightier  
than the lark,  
He's lightning to the weary heels, and drumfire in the  
dark ;  
I dread no more the tarry wheels that grind the  
pineward track,  
For the voice of God calls out of him, " Go back ! Go  
back ! Go back ! "

The moorland is the throne of God where iron must  
fade away,  
And there the red grouse challenges the tyrants of a  
day ;  
The cars steal up the hazel dale, there's tar on every  
track :  
But the moorland blows for bugle call, " Go back !  
Go back ! Go back ! "

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

The voice of God did never warn or cry a thing in  
vain ;  
He put the grouse on purple hills to make His  
meaning plain.  
“ Come not too near ! My reign is here, though  
Right be on the rack,  
Beware ! Beware ! I'm width and air ! Go back !  
Go back ! Go back ! ”

HERBERT E. PALMER

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

At last the cygnet, preening his plumed snow,  
Wins the mid-stream. Mark his new beauty well !  
Erect, uplit he sails ; in the clear flow  
Reflected, breast and wing,  
And proud beak, winnowing  
The April air, all carved like a sea-shell. 10

Out of deformity he grew to this  
Divinest form, burgeoning on the stream,  
A living water-flower. He scorned the hiss  
And cackle in those ranks  
That watched him from the banks ;  
He knew what seed he was ; he had his dream.

And the dream raised the seed and moulded him  
In its own secret image, secretly :  
Refashioned him, curved serpentine and slim  
That delicate white neck 20  
Feathered without a fleck,  
Taught him his poise, shaped him the thing you see.

O Thou that shepherdest the waddling geese  
Upon the flowery slopes of Helicon,  
Bid the hoarse gabble, the upbraiding, cease,

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

And guide Thy flock to see  
How lonely and leisurely  
Sails on this sunny river the young swan.  
EDWARD DAVISON

BLACKBIRD

Do you find no burden in singing?  
You catch up boughs, buds, leaves, anything  
Even to the red-brick houses and whatever  
Of scrubbed growth they may enclose, never  
Querying your right to engulf your neighbours,  
To pour them molten into the cup of your song.  
You do not set one foot circumspectly along 10  
Before the other, doling out your hours  
In grains of sand,  
Counting up to a thousand.

RONALD BOTTRALL

PLOVERS

GULLS of the land, you wheel in heavier flight  
Down upon the silent waves of earth.

And always it is as children of the wind,  
Children of the waste places of the air and land,  
Telling of rain, or storm, or unexpected hail,  
You sweep upon us with your ragged wings. 19

PHILIP HENDERSON



## THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG

### THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG

THE blackbird's song is lively joy,  
The thrush's note sharp tears ;  
The nightingale's a bitter ecstasy,  
And whoso hears

Forgets not though he never hear  
The nightingale again  
A whispering edge of shadowy wood  
And evening rain,

Or dusty streets where April's known  
But in high cloud,  
Or water poured from lonely hills  
In a noisy flood,

10

Or a child's eyes wandering in deep  
Dream-haunted reverie—  
These ; and the nightingale is heard  
Again in misery.

And the sky's full again with stars  
Halted in their great march,  
And dark winds fold their wings, and night's  
High luminous arch

20

Echoes again, again, again, again,  
Infinitely on and on ;  
And all the world's a dream until  
The dream is gone.

JOHN FREEMAN

## THE NIGHTJAR

WE loved our Nightjar, but she would not stay with  
us.

We had found her lying as dead, but soft and warm,  
Under the apple tree beside the old thatched wall.  
Two days we kept her in a basket by the fire,  
Fed her, and thought she well might live—till  
suddenly

In the very moment of most confiding hope  
She raised herself all tense, quivered and drooped and  
died.

Tears sprang into my eyes—why not? the heart of  
man

Soon sets itself to love a living companion,  
The more so if by chance it asks some care of him. 10  
And this one had the kind of loveliness that goes  
Far deeper than the optic nerve—full fathom five  
To the soul's ocean cave, where Wonder and Reason  
Tell their alternate dreams of how the world was made.  
So wonderful she was—her wings the wings of night  
But powdered here and there with tiny golden clouds  
And wave-like markings like sea-ripples on the sand.  
O how I wish I might never forget that bird—  
Never!—but even now, like all beauty of earth,  
She is fading from me into the dusk of Time. 20

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

## THE NIGHTINGALE NEAR THE HOUSE

HERE is the soundless cypress on the lawn :  
It listens, listens. Taller trees beyond  
Listen. The moon at the unruffled pond  
Stares. And you sing, you sing.

## BAT

That star-enchanted song falls through the air  
From lawn to lawn down terraces of sound,  
Darts in white arrows on the shadowed ground ;  
While all the night you sing.

My dreams are flowers to which you are a bee,  
As all night long I listen, and my brain  
Receives your song, then loses it again  
In moonlight on the lawn.

Now is your voice a marble high and white,  
Then like a mist on fields of paradise ;           10  
Now is a raging fire, then is like ice,  
Then breaks, and it is dawn.

HAROLD MONRO

## BAT

IN broad daylight  
He should not be :  
Yet toward and froward,  
Froward and toward  
He weaves a flight.  
Who will guide him back to his cave,  
A little Bat astray,  
Where he'll rest on the breast of night,       20  
Away from day's bright miscreation ?  
The linnet throbs through the air,  
The magpie coquettes with day,  
The rook caws " Time to be gone,"  
And travels on ;  
While toward and froward,  
Froward and toward,  
The Bat . . . a fathom  
Of flight . . . weaves.

PADRAIG COLUM

THE SEAL

THROB, throb from the mixer  
Spewing out concrete.  
And at the heads of the cables  
Stand the serpent-warders,  
Sweating and straining,  
Thrusting those cruel mouths to their prey.

Hark how the steel tongues hiss  
As they stab.  
The men sway under the effort,  
And their eyes are bloodshot with the din,       10  
The clatter that shatters the brain.  
Throb, throb from the mixer  
Spewing out concrete.

The crowd stands by  
Watching the smoothers ;  
Fascinated by the flat, wet levels  
Of newlaid cement.  
See how those curdled lakes  
Glisten under the sky,  
Virginal.       20

Then the dusty air suddenly divides,  
And a pigeon from a plane-tree  
Flutters down to bathe its wings in that mirage of  
water.

But deceived, and angry,  
Bewildered by the din,  
The throb, throb from the mixer  
Spewing out concrete,  
It backs upon its wing,  
Threshes air, and is gone.

## THE SEA-GULL

But there, in the deflowered bed,  
Is the seal of its coral foot,  
Set till rocks crumble.

RICHARD CHURCH

## THAMES GULLS

BEAUTIFUL it is to see  
On London Bridge the bold-eyed seabirds wheel,  
And hear them cry, and all for a light-flung crust  
Fling us their wealth, their freedom, speed and gleam.

And beautiful to see  
Them that pass by lured by these birds to stay,  
And smile and say "how tame they are"—how tame !  
Friendly as stars to steersmen in mid seas,                    11  
And as remote as midnight's darling stars,  
Pleasant as voices heard from days long done,  
As nigh the hand as windflowers in the woods,  
And inaccessible as Dido's phantom.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

## THE SEA-GULL

THE very spirit of the coast is he.

Precipitous, the high  
Cliffs shoot into the sea—  
Precipitous, the high cliffs sweep  
Into the deep                    20  
And green reflection of the sky.

He moves on wings that curve  
Like sickles keen and white,  
Sickles that reap  
The azure harvests of the light ;

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

He moves on wings that sleep,  
Quivering against the wind that drives ;  
He moves on wings that suddenly  
Slant and swerve  
As his white body  
Dives.

And all the while, from dawn to night,  
And through the night till dawn,  
Comes his sharp, melancholy cry  
Flung to and fro in flight : 10  
The echo of the name men call him by—  
“ Fuileán.”<sup>1</sup>

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced “ fweelawn.”

HUMMING-BIRD

I CAN imagine, in some otherworld  
Primeval-dumb, far back  
In that most awful stillness, that only gasped and  
hummed,  
Humming-birds raced down the avenues.

Before anything had a soul,  
While life was a heave of Matter, half inanimate,  
This little bit chipped off in brilliance  
And went whizzing through the slow, vast, succulent  
stems. 20

I believe there were no flowers then,  
In the world where the humming-bird flashed ahead  
of creation.  
I believe he pierced the slow vegetable veins with his  
long beak.

## FISH

Probably he was big  
As mosses, and little lizards, they say, were once big.  
Probably he was a jabbing, terrifying monster.

We look at him through the wrong end of the long  
telescope of Time,  
Luckily for us.

D. H. LAWRENCE

## DRAGON-FLY LOVE

PLATED with light I float a thousand-eyed,  
On rustling wings of veiny talc to fly,  
To kiss in flight the image of my pride  
That skims the deep reflection of the sky,  
Where finny shoals in shadowy grace repose : 10  
Insects that perish with a tiny cry  
Provide the speed with which my body goes  
In scaly splendour quadruplaning by.

Giddy with hope I seize my love at noon ;  
On tremulous wave of fiery air we run,  
Long locked in love, across the red lagoon,  
Blazing delirious while we whirl as one—  
Diamonds melting underneath the moon,  
Planets in union going round the sun.  
WILLIAM PLOMER

## FISH

Fish dally under reeds in quiet pools, 20  
Pools that are brown and deep where willows blow ;  
Fish slip between green weeds and lily stems,  
Stems that are crowned with waxen buds of snow.

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Fish pry around the stones that sink like lead  
Beneath deep water when the rains are on ;  
Churning the mud as low winds turn the dust—  
A subtle movement, curled, and swiftly gone.

Fish gather all the colours of the pool  
Unto their bodies. They are set like gems  
Within the limpid water, rich with sun  
And the straight-moulded work of lily stems.

Fish sleep in streams as old men sleep in chairs :  
With heavy fins they meet the windless hours. 10  
With the slow jolt of tramps in country lanes  
They idly flick the mud, as tramps do flowers.

Fish are most old and wise.  
They stare from flat black eyes  
Out to an older age.  
Swimming through history,  
Man's small epitome,  
They have watched tragedy,  
Idyll and comedy,  
Glory and shame. 20  
Wisdom is part of them  
Like as the root to stem,  
Warmth to the flame.  
Jews they have looked upon  
Weeping in Babylon,  
Egypt and running Nile,  
Lotus and camomile,  
Beauty that's old ;  
They have crept under  
The low ships of plunder 30  
And Syrian gold.



## PIKE POOL

Thus, through deep rivers  
The fish swim for ever.  
Till the high mountains  
Shall crumble and fall  
And the low waters rise  
On forest and wall ;  
Till the low waters swell  
Over meadow and field  
And man, the false builder,  
Must waver and yield ; 10  
Till the deep waters triumph,  
And waiting fish triumph,  
To swim over all things,  
And pry into all things,  
And over and under  
The flooded earth's plunder  
Of human creating ;  
Patiently,  
Silently,  
Surely, 20  
The fish are still waiting.  
GWEN CLEAR

## PIKE POOL

Down Beresford Dale, on my June birthday,  
When the dipper's brood had flown,  
In sixteen-hundred-and-seventy, say,  
Charles Cotton walked alone,  
And little Dove shone upon his muse,  
All babbling bright and cool,  
When sudden the world was wild with news—  
“ The Mayfly's on Pike Pool.”

And gentle verse was a thing put by, 30  
And the meadowcrop was grass,

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

And old philosophy all my eye,  
And gold no better than brass,  
And nothing at all in the world so wide,  
If a man was more than a fool,  
Worth knowing but this on buttercup-tide—  
“The Mayfly’s on Pike Pool.”

And Father Izaak, eighty and three,  
But keen as a kingfisher’s wing,  
Came to the tidings, bright as a bee,  
With Cotton his son to sing 10  
By the dales of Dove so pretty and gay,  
Two fellows away from school,  
“We’ve given the world the slip to-day,  
For the Mayfly’s on Pike Pool.”

JOHN DRINKWATER

BEAUTY THE PILGRIM

BEAUTY the Pilgrim  
Carries no purse ;  
He pays his needs  
With a snatch of verse ;  
He mends his coat,  
And cobbles his shoes, 20  
With a song, with a dream, with a thread  
Of the world’s good news.

Beauty the Pilgrim  
Came to my door ;  
But I was busy  
Counting my store ;  
And when I looked up  
Where day had shone,  
My store was withered away  
And Beauty gone. 30

GERALD GOULD

## THE SPARK

### THE HIDDEN BEAUTY

I HAVE sought the Hidden Beauty in all things,  
In love, and courage, and a high heart, and a hero's  
grave,  
In the hope of a dreaming soul, and a scagull's wings,  
In twilight over the sea, and a broken Atlantic wave,  
I have sought the Hidden Beauty in all things.

I have found the Hidden Beauty where the river finds  
the sea,  
Or the dark cloud finds the rainbow, or the desert  
finds the rain,  
Where the night sails out on the Dawn Wind and the  
darkness ceases to be,  
Or the Spirit builds a rainbow from whirling rings of  
pain,  
I have found the Hidden Beauty where the river finds  
the sea. 10

EVA GORE-BOOTH

## THE SPARK

CALM was the evening, as if asleep,  
But sickled on high with brooding storm,  
Couched in invisible space. And, lo !  
I saw in utter silence sweep  
Out of that darkening starless vault  
A gliding spark, as blanched as snow,  
That burned into dust, and vanished in  
A hay-cropped meadow, brightly green.

A meteor from the cold of space,  
Lost in Earth's wilderness of air ?

20

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Presage of lightnings soon to shine  
In splendour on this lonely place ?  
I cannot tell ; but only how fair  
It glowed within the crystalline  
Pure heavens, and of its strangeness lit  
My mind to joy at sight of it.

Yet what is common as lovely may be :  
The petalled daisy, a honey bell,  
A pebble, a branch of moss, a gem  
Of dew, or fallen rain—if we  
A moment in their beauty dwell ;  
Entranced, alone, see only them.  
How blind to wait, till, merely unique,  
Some omen thus the all bespeak !

10

WALTER DE LA MARE

## EVANESCENCE

We stood in silence deep as trance, but yet how gay  
we were !  
Beauty the fiery plaything ran through the sun-  
gilded air.  
From dazzling cloud to dazzling cloud it climbed.  
Then from that height  
Unto your feet it sped adown long cataracts of light.  
It flickered mid the daffodils, and danced their gentle  
dance ;  
Then rose up slenderly in air. It was as still as  
trance.  
It entered in, that magic thing into your being flowed :  
Through lips and eyes and fluttered hair its precious  
substance glowed ;  
Its fairy candles burned on brow and ivory-slender  
limb,  
Lights that the spirit only sees and to all else are dim.

20

## FROM "THE IDOLS"

It was so nigh I broke the trance to clutch that  
    radiant thing ;  
But it was gone, flecter than bird upon a homing  
    wing.  
Where is its home ? Could you and I whene'er the  
    light appears  
Cry at the wonder " I am That," as did the Vedic  
    seers ?  
How can we stay it ? By what art ? However swift  
    desire—  
It's gone ! Its precious substance is unclutchable as  
    fire.

" A.E."

## FROM "THE IDOLS"

ONCE, only once, never again, never,  
The idle curve my hand traces in air,  
The first flush on the cloud, lost in the morning's  
    height,  
Meeting of the eyes and tremble of delight,                 10  
Before the heart is aware  
Gone ! to return, never again, never !

Futurity flows towards me, all things come  
Smooth-flowing, and ere this pulse beat they are  
    bound  
In fixity that no repenting power can free ;  
They are with Egypt and with Nineveh,  
Cold as a grave in the ground ;  
And still, undated, all things toward me come.

Why is all strange ? Why do I not grow used ?  
The ripple upon the stream that nothing stays,         20  
The bough above, in glory of warm light waving slow,

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

Trouble me, enchant me, as with the stream I flow  
Lost into the endless days.  
Why is all strange? Why do I not grow used?

Eternity? Where heard I that still word?  
Like one that, moving through a foreign street,  
Has felt upon him bent from far some earnest look,  
Yet sees not whence, and feigns that he mistook,  
I marvel at my own heart-beat.  
Eternity! how learnt I that far word?

LAURENCE BINYON

## WARNING TO TROOPS

WHAT soldier guessed that where the stream descended  
In country dance beneath the colonnade 11  
Of elms which cooled the halted troop, it played  
Sly music, barely noted, never ended?  
Or who, from war's concerns a moment missed,  
At some church door turned white as came to him  
One gold note struck by the hidden organist,  
One note long-drawn through caverns cool and dim?

O marcher, hear. But when thy route and tramp  
Pause by some falling stream, or church's door,  
Be the deaf adder; bear not back to camp 20  
That embryo music. Double not thy war.  
Know not that sweet prelude. March, sing, roar,  
Lest a mad silence gnaw thee evermore.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

## ART

(From "Genesis")

WHEN first for Man did the earth's beauty grow?  
Some milky luminous hour, when the moon moved

## ART

Along a mottled wing of cloud, half veiling  
The earth he knew? When his own horses roved  
Clumping along the downs, a shadowy herd  
Among grave-barrows with their halters trailing?  
When drifts of lacy hemlock stood unstirred  
Some windless night with the calmed aspen trees?  
When wild white clover mapped the meads and  
    blurred

To creamy circles on invisible grass,  
Like rings round Saturn, and to him the glass  
Reflecting heaven? When the nights of June      10  
Blotted the outline of his certainties?

Or, when at rest from war, within the caves,  
Upon the clay slab of the earliest hearth,  
Upon a bare, smoke-blackened floor of earth,  
He saw around the stone-encircled fire  
The women swaying, chanting a long rune,  
Growing and dying like incoming waves  
On shallow shores, intoning as they thatched  
An osier crib, or vacant, half in dream,  
With ivory bodkin sewed the leather seam?      20

Or, when alone at evening he watched  
Wild swans upon the reaches of a river,  
Grey cygnets in the twilight, and slid back  
The arrow to the quiver?

. . . . .  
When first for the child does the earth's mystery grow?  
When, framed in panes, or streaked by winter tree  
Shine netted stars, or spiral nebulae?  
Or when each boy alone builds up anew  
Stonehenges all his own, one brick across the two?

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

# CRAFTSMEN

(From "The Land")

ALL craftsmen share a knowledge. They have held  
 Reality down fluttering to a bench ;  
 Cut wood to their own purposes ; compelled  
 The growth of pattern with the patient shuttle ;  
 Drained acres to a trench.  
 Control is theirs. They have ignored the subtle  
 Release of spirit from the jail of shape.  
 They have been concerned with prison, not escape ;  
 Pinioned the fact, and let the rest go free,  
 And out of need made inadvertent art. 10  
 All things designed to play a faithful part  
 Build up their plain particular poetry.  
 Tools have their own integrity ;  
 The sneath of scythe curves rightly to the hand,  
 The hammer knows its balance, knife its edge,  
 All tools inevitably planned,  
 Stout friends, with pledge  
 Of service ; with their crochets too  
 That masters understand,  
 And proper character, and separate heart, 20  
 But always to their chosen temper true.  
 —So language, smithied at the common fire,  
 Grew to its use ; as sneath and shank and haft  
 Of well-grained wood, nice instruments of craft,  
 Curve to the simple mould the hands require,  
 Born of the needs of man.  
 The poet like the artisan  
 Works lonely with his tools ; picks up each one,  
 Blunt mallet knowing, and the quick thin blade,  
 And plane that travels when the hewing's done ; 30  
 Rejects and chooses ; scores a fresh faint line ;  
 Sharpens, intent upon his chiselling ;



## CRAFTSMEN

Bends lower to examine his design,  
If it be truly made,  
And brings perfection to so slight a thing.  
But in the shadows of his working-place,  
Dust-moted, dim,  
Among the chips and lumber of his trade,  
Lifts never his bowed head, a breathing-space  
To look upon the world beyond the sill,  
The world framed small, in distance, for to him  
The world and all its weight are in his will. 10  
Yet in the ecstasy of his rapt mood  
There's no retreat his spirit cannot fill,  
No distant leagues, no present, and no past,  
No essence that his need may not distil,  
All pressed into his service, but he knows  
Only the immediate care, if that be good ;  
The little focus that his words enclose ;  
As the poor joiner, working at his wood,  
Knew not the tree from which the planks were  
taken,  
Knew not the glade from which the trunk was  
brought, 20  
Knew not the soil in which the roots were fast,  
Nor by what centuries of gales the boughs were  
shaken,  
But holds them all beneath his hands at last.

Much goes to little making,—law and skill,  
Tradition's usage, each man's separate gift ;  
Till the slow worker sees that he has wrought  
More than he knew of builded truth,  
As one who slips through years of youth,  
Leaving his young indignant rage,  
And finds the years' insensible drift 30  
Brings him achievement with the truce of age.

VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST

### THE RELEASE

ALL day he shoves the pasteboard in  
The slick machine that turns out boxes,  
A box a minute ; and its din  
Is all his music, as he stands  
And feeds it ; while his jaded brain  
Moves only out and in again  
With the slick motion of his hands,  
Monotonously making boxes,  
A box a minute—all his thoughts  
A slick succession of empty boxes. 10

But, when night comes, and he is free  
To play his fiddle, with the music  
His whole soul moves to melody ;  
No more recalling day's dumb round,  
His reckless spirit sweeps and whirls  
On surging waves and dizzy swirls  
And eddies of enchanted sound ;  
And in a flame-winged flight of music  
Above the roofs and chimneys soars  
To ride the starry tides of music. 20  
WILFRID W. GIBSON

### ALLOTMENTS

LIFTING through the broken clouds there shot  
A searching beam of golden sunset-shine.  
It swept the town allotments, plot by plot,  
And all the digging clerks became divine—  
Stood up like heroes with their spades of brass,  
Turning the ore that made the realms of Spain !  
So shone they for a moment. Then, alas !  
The cloud-rift closed ; and they were clerks again.  
RICHARD CHURCH

## THE CHANGELING

### THE SAND GLASS

WE'VE drifted on the face sublime  
Of Ethiop deserts since the prime,  
And laughed at space and flouted time.

We've felt a royal Pharoah's shoon ;  
We've flown upon the black simoon  
To hide the fiery sun at noon.

Grains of red Afric dust are we,  
And our mysterious destiny :  
To time the egg Jane boils for tea.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

### THE CHANGELING

ON Sunday, while I watched the folk      10  
Come out of kirk, I heard  
A baby wind a-trying to sing  
The song of a little bird.

On Monday, after the children left  
Me, lone in a nettle ditch,  
A little rowan brushed my coat,  
She was a little witch.

On Tuesday night a fisherman  
Forgot his wicker creel,  
And I let out a string of stars,—      20  
A slippery, shining eel.

On Wednesday, while my mother washed,  
I tried with might and main  
To tie the little cockerel  
On to the weather-vane.

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On Thursday, while my father set  
The traps, a rainbow crept  
Into the loft ; I locked it in  
And listened while it slept.

On Friday, folk said Northern Lights  
Were seen by Catch 'em Cover,  
But I saw girls with coloured scarves  
Each dancing with a lover.

On Saturday, my thinking day,  
I thought and thought, until 10  
If only all my thoughts were flowers  
A big field they would fill.

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

SUNDAY MORNING

OUTSIDE the sunlight, outside the summer wind  
revelled.  
Revelled and called to them, where behind dust-  
covered windows  
They chanted  
Their evening hymn.  
Though it was morning,  
Their thoughts were an evening hymn.  
Then sudden—I heard it, I swear to you,  
Sheer through the well restrained bassos— 20  
Sheer through the delicate  
Modestly mantled sopranos,  
A naked voice,  
A woman's voice, joyously naked,

### ON BALLARD DOWN

Responsive to sunlight and summer wind suddenly  
thrilled.  
Even so it is rumoured that once at a Sunday-school  
picnic  
In well-restrained gaiety nicely arranged by a river  
Broke suddenly out of the forest  
A naked faun.  
Paused for a moment  
With wonder-arched eyebrows,  
Then, over the summer grass tripping  
On delicate hooves,  
Vanished again in the forest.

10

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

### ON BALLARD DOWN

I WALKED alone on Ballard Down  
Above the purple-tinted sea ;  
The splendour of Life's mystery  
Lay on my being like a crown,  
And God, the Father, spoke to me  
On Ballard Down.

All who around my life had cast  
Invisible strands of power, all things  
That in me their imaginings  
Had folded, came : the happy past  
Streamed through the keen wind's buffetings  
On Ballard Down.

20

Here, there I rose ; here, there I fell :  
I heard God say, " I gave to thee  
Great gifts, great gladness ; now thou art free  
Of Love, My best gift—use it well."  
This is the word that came to me  
On Ballard Down.

LORD GORELL

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BY SEVERN'S BANKS

ONE voice is from the homeland and the hills,  
One voice is from the grey unrestful sea.  
Here where at dusk the tingling silence thrills  
I linger companied with memory ;  
Hearing at times the boom  
Of the far fog-ship sounding through the gloom ;  
At times the cry of nightbirds, and the sigh  
Of slumberous waters nigh.

O crying from the bygone and the known—  
O murmur from the hidden and mystic deep     10  
To which we pass alone  
Through paths of sleep—  
I cannot hear you clear ;  
Earth's dust is in mine ear,  
The distant voice is muffled by the near.  
I stand  
*As on a frontierland*  
Of things that with a step shall be revealed,  
The hitherside of regions mist-concealed ;  
Yet still it seems     20  
There must be instant waking from my dreams,  
When it shall be  
That the unheard is heard, the unseen appear—  
The message that I almost hear,  
The vision that I almost see.

ARTHUR L. SALMON

THE SWORD OF SURPRISE

SUNDER me from my bones, O sword of God,  
Till they stand stark and strange as do the trees ;  
That I whose heart goes up with the soaring woods  
May marvel as much at these.

## MYSTIC

Sunder me from my blood that in the dark  
I hear that red ancestral river run,  
Like branching buried floods that find the sea  
But never see the sun.

Give me miraculous eyes to see my eyes,  
Those rolling rivers made alive in me,  
Terrible crystal more incredible  
Than all the things they see.

Sunder me from my soul, that I may see  
The sins like streaming wounds, the life's brave beat ;  
Till I shall save myself, as I would save      11  
A stranger in the street.

G. K. CHESTERTON

## MYSTIC

HE said, " I would the fleshly brain  
Could kennel the spirit that wanders free,  
That, coming home, rests not at home,  
But cries and is estranged from me.

It goes where are no bounds of space,  
And trails me where no stubbornest will  
Can close me from the ruining tides  
That pierce and, as soon as pierce me, fill — 20

Fill me at once and over-fill,  
Then, emptying even what was mine,  
Drain the small tribute of my strength,  
Extortionate of the utmost fine.

Engluttred so, I cannot tell  
If personality or tense  
Endure about me, or are drowned,  
Confounded in one sea immense.

## MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

But when my spirit whimpers back,  
Frightened at length of the chase, though yet  
It crave and pine, ah ! would I might,  
Shut up within myself, forget :

And live even as you live,  
Who've learnt what Science has to tell  
Of vast and quietly vanished times,  
Of spaces inconceivable ;

Who argue of th' Eternal Mind,  
Eternal life, eternal death, 10  
Yet work by day and sleep by night,  
And smile, and keep an even breath ;

Who, knowing much, yet do not know,  
But keep five senses at your call,  
And live in a clay Universe,  
And stretching, touch its furthest wall."  
G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

## THE REPENTANCE OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

THE Devil found that curiosity  
Was a most potent goad for human pride.  
What is the colour of a worm's inside ?  
How many eyelids has the female flea ? 20  
What is the shape and weight of a man's soul ?  
Faustus was much intrigued and he pursued  
His studies lost in stately solitude,  
Delving far deeper than the patient mole.  
But by long process of analysis  
He came at last on a destructive power,  
That smote him with the claws that stain and stun ;  
Then, reeling back from the amused abyss,



## THE CONVERT

He rushed outside and saw like a white tower  
The Church stand upright, shining in the sun . . .  
WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

## DON QUIXOTE

THIS is indeed the soul of golden Spain,  
Whose drowned Armadas live and sail for ever,  
Nor reap a profit from their lost endeavour,  
Nor from vast Oceans e'er return again—  
The holy madness of the pure in heart  
Crusading through a comfortable world ;  
Here is the wild flag of the Ideal unfurled  
In desolate places dreadful and apart. 10  
O doomed and dauntless, fool of all the fools,  
That died for an impossible ancient dream,  
The starveling mockery of the cold-eyed schools—  
See the sweet Idiot like a shadow pass,  
Most ghostly-grim, and, led by that strange beam,  
The Body trudging on his patient ass. . .  
WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

## THE CONVERT

AFTER one moment when I bowed my head  
And the whole world turned over and came upright,  
And I came out where the old road shone white,  
I walked the ways and heard what all men said, 20  
Forests of tongues, like autumn leaves unshed,  
Being not unlovable but strange and light ;  
Old riddles and new creeds, not in despite  
But softly, as men smile about the dead.

The sages have a hundred maps to give  
That trace their crawling cosmos like a tree,

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

They rattle reason out through many a sieve  
That stores the sand and lets the gold go free :  
And all these things are less than dust to me  
Because my name is Lazarus and I live.

G. K. CHESTERTON

JOURNEY OF THE MAGI

" A COLD coming we had of it,  
Just the worst time of the year  
For a journey, and such a long journey :  
The ways deep, and the weather sharp,  
The very dead of winter."  
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory, 10  
Lying down in the melting snow.  
There were times we regretted  
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,  
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.  
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling  
And running away, and wanting their liquor and  
women,  
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,  
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly  
And the villages dirty and charging high prices :  
A hard time we had of it. 20  
At the end we preferred to travel all night,  
Sleeping in snatches,  
With the voices singing in our ears, saying  
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,  
Wet, below the snow-line, smelling of vegetation ;  
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the  
darkness,  
And three trees on the low sky,  
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.

## THE GRAIL

Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the  
 lintel,  
 Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,  
 And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.  
 But there was no information, and so we continued  
 And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon  
 Finding the place ; it was (you may say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,  
And I would do it again, but set down  
This set down  
This : were we led all that way for                      to  
Birth or Death ? There was a Birth, certainly,  
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and  
death,  
But had thought they were different ; this Birth was  
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.  
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,  
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,  
With an alien people clutching their gods.  
I should be glad of another death.

T.S. ELIOT

# THE GRAIL

I SEEK it on the height  
At flush of dawn,  
When summits pulse with light,  
And veils are drawn ;  
But a mist ascends and chills  
With numbing fingers pale,  
And a gloom is on the hills :  
I do not see the Grail.

I seek it in delight  
Of craft and word—

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

In glories of the sight  
And glories heard,  
But wilful self-desires,  
Though yet unsated, fail ;  
The hollow questing tires—  
I have not seen the Grail.

But sometimes, it may be,  
I meet a child ;  
Or men have wept with me,  
And men have smiled,  
I show a loving face,  
I hear a human tale ;  
And for a moment's space  
There flashes forth—the Grail !

10

ARTHUR L. SALMON

TEMPT ME NO MORE

TEMPT me no more ; for I  
Have known the lightning's hour,  
The poet's inward pride,  
The certainty of power.

Bayonets are closing round.  
I shrink ; yet I must wring  
A living from despair  
And out of steel a song.

20

Though song, though breath be short,  
I'll share not the disgrace  
Of those who ran away  
Or never left the base.

Comrades, my tongue can speak  
No comfortable words,

## DARK RAPTURE

Calls to a forlorn hope,  
Gives work and not rewards.

Oh keep the sickle sharp  
And follow still the plough :  
Others may reap, though some  
See not the winter through.

Father, who endest all,  
Pity our broken sleep ;  
For we lie down with tears  
And waken but to weep.

10

And if our blood alone  
Will melt this iron earth,  
Take it. It is well spent  
Easing a saviour's birth

C. DAY LEWIS

## DARK RAPTURE

And did he climb, that man, nigher to heaven than I,  
Babbling inarticulately along the road  
His drunken chaotic rapture, lifting to the sky,  
His wild darkness, his hands, his voice, his heart that  
glowed ;

Gazing with intoxicated imagination on  
The dance the tireless fiery-footed watchers make 20  
Through unending ages on the blue, luminous lawn ?  
Ah, could that maddened will, those riotous senses  
break

Into the astral ecstasy, for a moment feel  
The profundities ? Did he offer his sin to the Most  
High ?

Or was he like those spoilers who break through and  
steal,

Not by the strait gate, into the city of the sky ?

MODERN POETRY 1922-1934

I heard him cry GOD in amazement as if his eyes  
Saw through those reeling lights the one eternal Light.  
Was that madness of his accepted as sacrifice?  
Did fire fall on him from some archangelic height?  
I, who was stricken to dumbness of awe, could not  
    endure  
The intolerable vastness still to the uttermost star.  
Was it not enough the heart humble, contrite and  
    pure?  
Must hell with heaven be knit ere the ancient gates  
    unbar,  
The Pleroma open? I hurried, unaccepted, forlorn,  
From the deep slumbering earth, the heavens that  
    were not mine,  
Hearing murmurs still from the dark rapture born  
Where the Holy Breath was mixed with the unholy  
    wine.

“A.E.”

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